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From the European Magazine.

THE BRONZE STATUE.

COUNT LIEUWEN, a favourite officer in the service of the deceased King of Prussia, had under his special patronage and tuition a young engineer of high talent, whose advancement to his notice had been solely due to his merits. His battalion, led by the Austrian General Clairfait, then on his march through the Low Countries towards France, was ordered to surprise a small village on the frontiers in the enemy's possession. In the middle of the night young Ewald entered his commander's tent, and informed him that a negotiation had been begun by the chief magistrate of this district to admit the Prussian soldiers into an ambuscade, by which they might surround the French stationed in the village of Altheim, and put them to the sword. "Sir," he added, "I am acquainted with a path through the thicket that skirts the church-yard; and by leading fifty chosen men through it, we may enclose the farm and outhouses in which these Frenchmen lodge, and force them to surrender, without the baseness of entering their host's gates in groupes disguised as travellers, and massacring them in their sleep. This vile provost has made the offer in hopes

of a reward, for which he conditions privately, heedless of the bloodshed and ravage which our soldiery would spread among the poor villagers in the blindness of their fury."—"You are right," replied the Count—"and it would be well to gain this advantageous post without disgrace to our characters as Prussian soldiers, or outrage to the unoffending natives. Through whose means did this honourable offer come?—For I suspect the communicant is willing to share the reward?"—The young engineer cast down his eyes, and answered, after a short and graceful hesitation, "He is my enemy, my lord—forgive me if I do not name him."

Count Lieuwen's brow grew smooth. "Well, Lichtenstein," he said, with a tone of familiarity he seldom used, except when his heart was touched—"well;—there will be no surer way, I see, to secure both our military credit, and this poor village from plunder, than to give you the command of the affair. Chuse your comrades, and conduct them. But how is it that you know the avenues of this obscure place so well?"

Ewald was silent a few moments only because he was conscious of feelings likely to make his voice less firm.

When he had stifled them, he replied, "To you who know my humble birth, and have remedied it so kindly by your patronage, I need not be afraid to confess this village was my birth-place, and that farm which the provost intends to deliver up to-night for the purpose of massacre and riot, is—or was—" He could not add his meaning, but Count Lieuwen felt it. Brushing a tear hastily from his eyes, the old soldier bade him take his detachment, and obtain possession of the place in the manner he deemed fittest. Ewald departed instantly, and returned in the morning to announce his complete success without loss to the inhabitants, and without the escape of a single Frenchman. He brought besides a valuable despatch, which his advanced guard had intercepted, and the Count, delighted with the important result of the affair, and with the generous spirit it had exhibited, offered his young lieutenant a thousand crowns, the sum for which the treacherous provost had negotiated, gallantly saying, his sovereign would more willingly pay it as the recompense of a hazardous and well-performed duty, than as the premium of a traitor.—"If," said the lieutenant, modestly, "your lordship thinks this poor village worth a thousand crowns to his majesty, I pray you to consider them due to my senior officer Dorffen:—Your personal kindness induced you to waive his right, and to give me the command of last night's affair: yet it is just that he should have the price of what he deserved to win."—"He shall have it," answered Lieuwen, compressing his lips sternly; "but I now know who would have bought what you have won honestly."

The first care of this brave veteran on his return to Berlin, was to lay the circumstances of this fact before the king. The consequence was Ewald's promotion; and before the war ceased, he rose to rank even higher than Count Lieuwen; and the last favour his old commander asked at court was, that his adopted son might be appointed his successor in the fortress of Plauen, which his age rendered him averse to

govern longer. This high distinction was granted; and the king, to suit the new governor's title to his important office, added the rank of Baron to the Cross of the Black Eagle already worn by Ewald de Lichtenstein. These unexpected honours did not alter the temper of the young hero:—still preserving the bland urbanity of Marshal Turenne, whose elevation he had imitated so successfully; he was proud to hear his comrades hint that he too was a miller's son, and always strove to remind them how much he resembled his noble predecessor in benevolence and grace. But when he had offered his grateful obeisance, he solicited permission to absent himself one month before he assumed his new duties. Count Lieuwen's friendship, and the peaceable state of the country, made the royal assent easy, and Ewald de Lichtenstein left Berlin to dedicate this short interval to his private happiness.

But Ewald, with all the splendor of his professional success, had not altered the humility of that private happiness. He had no hope so dear as to return to the little village of Altheim, which ten years before he had preserved from destruction; and to reclaim the farmer's daughter with whom the first affections of his boyhood had been exchanged. During the various and busy vicissitudes of a soldier's life, no correspondence had been possible, and he had time to snatch only a short interview when he entered the village with a hostile detachment. He took with him one attendant, a soldier of his own regiment, but unacquainted with his birth-place, though sufficiently attached to his person to ensure the secrecy he required; not from mean fear of exposing his humble origin, but from a generous wish to avoid displaying his new and self-acquired greatness. The journey was tedious to his fancy, though he travelled rapidly; for the pleasantest dreams of his youth were ready to be realized. His servant had orders to make no mention of his name or rank when he arrived at his place of destination, and the little village of Altheim came in sight in all the beauty of a summer evening,

and a happy man's imagination. As he entered it, however, he perceived that several cottages were in ruins, and the farm where Josephine had lived was half-unroofed, and its garden full of grass. Ewald's heart misgave him, and his servant went on before to inquire who occupied it. Schwartz brought his master intelligence that the niece of the former occupier had married a farmer, whose speculations had ended in innkeeping with but little success. There was no other inn; and if there had been one, Ewald, notwithstanding his heart-burnings, would have chosen this. He renewed his cautions to his servant, and entered the miserable house, where the master sat surlily smoking his pipe in a kitchen with broken windows, and a hearth almost cold. To his courteous request for accommodation, this man, whose suitable name was Wolfenbach, hardly returned an answer, except throwing him the remnant of a chair, and calling loudly at the door for his wife. A woman in wretched apparel, bending under a load of sticks, crept from a ruined outhouse, and came fearfully towards him. "Bring a faggot, drone, and cook some fish," said her ruffian husband—"where is the bread I bought this morning, and the pitcher of milk?"—"There was but little milk," she answered, trembling, "and I gave it to our child."—"Brute-idiot!" he muttered with a hideous oath, and pushed her forwards by a blow which Ewald's heart felt. That moment would have discovered him if the innkeeper had not left the house to attend his servant; and Ewald, as he looked again on Josephine's face, had courage enough to restrain a confession which would have aggravated her misery. Perhaps she had been left desolate—perhaps her husband had been made brutal by misfortune—at all events he had no right to blame a marriage which circumstances had not permitted him to prevent. She might have had no alternative between it and disgrace, or Wolfenbach might have possessed and seemed to deserve her choice better than himself. This last thought held him silent, as he

sat with his face shaded near the fire. Josephine took but one glance at him, and another at the cradle where a half-starved infant lay, before she began her humble labours to prepare a supper. Ewald attempted to say something, but his voice, hoarse with emotion, appeared unknown to her, and she turned away with a look of repressed pride and shame. Yet as she could not but observe the earnest gaze of the stranger, her cheek flushing with conscious recollection, recovered some part of its former beauty, and Ewald had taken the infant on his knee when Wolfenbach returned. His guest overcame the horror which almost impelled him to throw from him the offspring of a ruffian so debased, intending to convey into its cradle some aid for the unhappy mother, which might suffice to comfort her wants without betraying the giver. He hid a purse of gold within its wrapper, and gave it back to Josephine; while the father, murmuring at such pests, rebuked her slow cookery. But Ewald could not eat; and tasting the flask to propitiate the brutal landlord, withdrew to the bed meant for him, and was seen no more.

Late on the following morning, two men, as they passed near the remains of a spoiled hay-rack, perceived motion in it, and heard a feeble noise. They took courage to remove some part, and, led on by traces of blood, examined till they found a body yet warm with life, but wounded in a ghastly manner. They conveyed it to the village surgeon, and collected help to surround the house of Wolfenbach, whom they remembered to have seen on the road mounted on a horse which had been observed the day before entering Altheim with the wounded man and another stranger. Skill and care restored this unfortunate stranger sufficiently to make his deposition. He named his master, and stated that the gloomy looks and eager questions of the innkeeper had alarmed him on the night of Ewald's arrival, especially when he was desired to sleep in a ruined out-house. He had left it, and applying his ear to a crevice in the house-door, heard Wolfenbach menac-

ing his wife with death if she prevented or betrayed his search into the traveller's portmanteau which had been left below; for probably, in the heedlessness of anguish, Ewald had not thought of attending to it. He also heard Josephine's timid expostulations, and the shriek of her child in its father's savage grasp, held perhaps as a hostage for her silence. He went to warn his master, and, by calling through the casement of the loft where he lay awake, drew him from his bed. The stroke of an axe felled him to the ground, and he remembered nothing more. The fate of Ewald might be easily surmised. Detachments of the peasants traversed the country round to gain intelligence of him without success, and, without knowing his claims on them as their countryman, were all eager in their zeal to trace a man of rank and honour. Couriers met them from Berlin despatched to hasten his return; but after six months spent in the most earnest search, even his paternal friend Count Lieuwen despaired of seeing him more, and believed him the victim of a ferocious robber. Wolfenbach had been seized with the horses of Ewald and his servant, which he had taken to sell at the nearest fair, and could not attempt even a plausible account of them. His miserable wife was in a state of delirium which unfitted her to give coherent evidence; but the subject of her ravings, the purse of gold found in her infant's cradle, and a ring dropped near the traveller's bed, were powerful presumptive proofs against her husband. The rifled portmanteau was also discovered in a well, and the axe stained with blood. Wolfenbach maintained an obstinate and contumelious silence, during a long trial which ended in a sentence of death, received with acclamations by the populace. He was carried to the scaffold attended by no friend, and died without confession.

Count Lieuwen resumed the government of the fortress he had resigned, but not till he had urged repeated inquiries, and proffered large rewards for any trace of his lost favourite, without effect. And when, after some

years had passed, a public duty compelled him to visit the country in which Ewald had perished, he travelled hastily, and loathed the necessity which forced his equipage to rest at Altheim for a few hours. During this short stay, the master of the new inn found means to introduce himself, and beg his guest's attention to a rare curiosity which he possessed. Finding, from his valet's account, that this exhibition was a tax imposed on every traveller, the Count assented, and listened patiently to his host's history of a bronze statue found in a peat-bog at a short distance, and from thence brought to his house. He went into the room where it was deposited, prepared to see some antique relic or cunning counterfeit; but he saw with feelings that need not be told, the body of his beloved Ewald in the travelling habit he had seen him wear, vitrified by the power of the morass to the semblance of a bronze statue. He stood a few moments aghast with astonishment and horror, not unmingled with gladness at this testimony of the truth preserved by a special operation of nature:—for on the forehead and in the neck of the seeming statue two deep seams rendered the fact of Ewald's violent death unquestionable. But he had presence of mind enough to suppress his agitation, and affecting to believe the innkeeper exhibited, as he supposed himself, a strange piece of ancient sculpture, gave him a much larger sum than had been expected even from a nobleman of his known munificence, and carried off the prize. But he caused it to be conveyed to Berlin without noise, and made it no subject of conversation among his attendants.

Count Lieuwen's return to the metropolis was always followed by banquets given to his friends, and on this occasion he celebrated his arrival among them by inviting the chief nobility and all the military officers who had shared and survived his campaigns. After supper, before any had departed, he spoke of a most rare specimen of sculpture which he had reserved for their last regale. "You all know," said he, "my tender affection for Ewald de

Lichtenstein, my regret for his untimely loss, and my wish to preserve his memory. I think you will agree with me in that wish to erect a monument, if we could decorate it with a representation of him suitable to his merits and his fate. But though we all know his merits, where shall we find an artist able to give a symbol of his death, since we know neither the time nor circumstance?"

The Count cast his eyes round the table as he spoke, and met approving and earnest looks from all his companions, except one, whose head was averted. "But," he added, rising after a short pause, "I think I have found a statue sufficient itself for his monument."

A curtain suddenly drawn aside discovered the bronze statue of Ewald lying on a bier composed of black turf. A silence of surprise and awe was followed by exclamations of wonder at the exquisite symmetry of the figure, and at the expression of the countenance, so nearly resembling its usual character, except in the half-closed eyes and lips parted as in the pangs of death. Some gathered round to observe the accurate folds of the drapery, and recognized every part of his usual travelling apparel. "There is even the shape of the seal-ring he wore upon his finger," said one of the spectators, "and here is the ribbon he received the day before his departure from the King—but where is the cross of the Black Eagle?"

"In his grave," replied Count Lienwen, fixing his eyes on a guest who had never spoken—That guest was Dorffen, the senior officer superseded by Ewald. He suddenly lifted up his head, and answered—"It is not!"—The terrible sound of his voice, the decision of his words, made the assembly fall back from him, leaving him alone standing opposite the corpse. His features wrought a few instants in convulsions, and his lips moved in unconscious mutterings. "Then" (said a voice from among the groupe) "the murderer robbed him of the cross?"

"No, no—I robbed him of nothing—he robbed me of my place and honour, and of that cross which I might have earned at Altheim—We met alone—we were man to man—It was night, but I won the cross fairly—and now let him take it back."

The self-accused murderer made a desperate effort to throw it from his breast, and fell with his whole weight and a laugh of madness at the foot of the bier. The croud raised him, but he spoke no more. His last words were truth, as subsequent inquiry proved. Accident or a hope of vengeance had led him to the neighbourhood of Ewald's village; they had met on the road, and fatal opportunity completed Dorffen's guilt. He was buried under the scaffold, and the Bronze Statue remained a monument of Ewald's fate and of retributive justice. V.

BROWNE'S ANTIQUITIES OF THE JEWS.*

From the *Literary Gazette*.

THE first volume being chiefly occupied with a minute description of the tabernacle, the temple, and its service; the three great festivals of the passover, pentecost and tabernacles, and the inferior feasts and fasts; the synagogue, and other topics familiar to the readers of scripture; we shall copy the few passages which we think necessary to exemplify the author's manner,

from the second volume, in which he treats of the idolatry, learning, laws, customs, commerce, agriculture, and sciences of the Jews. After a very copious discussion respecting the marriages of this extraordinary people, the following is the account of one of their peculiar tenets.

"The only other circumstance connected with the Jewish forms of mar-

* *Antiquities of the Jews*, carefully compiled from authentic sources, and their customs illustrated from *Modern Travels*. By W. Browne, D.D. London, 1820.

riage, is that which regards the brother's widow, and is known by the name of *Jus Leviratus*, the law concerning which is given in Deut. xxv. 5—10, and enjoins the brother of the deceased to take his widow, and rear up seed unto his brother, to perpetuate his name and heir his effects; an instance of which we have in Matth. xxii. 25. It is evident, however, from the case of Ruth iii. 12, 13, iv. 5, 10, that the law extended farther than the husband's brother, namely, to such kinsman as had the right of redemption. And it is also plain, from Genesis xxxviii. 8, that the custom of marrying the deceased brother's wife was far more ancient than the Mosaic law. It was under that law, however, that it became doubly binding, for it connected the love of preserving a brother's name with the preservation of property in the several families and several tribes. The name given to it by the Jews was *Ibum*, or "the husband's brother;" and it required no betrothing, for he acquired his sister-in-law by a divine right; neither were there any ceremonies as at ordinary marriages, only all the effects of the deceased were delivered up to him, and all his claims, for the behoof of the child who should be accounted his heir; yet she was allowed to marry none till three months after her husband's death, that it might appear to all that there was no child.—Such was the practice in ancient times, but it is not now insisted on; that is to say, they go through the form, but they do not oblige the surviving brother to marry the widow. The practice of the Jews, in Buxtorff's time, was as follows: On the preceding evening, after evening prayers at the synagogue, one of the Rabbins was chosen to preside, and two others to assist him as judges. Next morning, after prayers, these with the levir, the widow, and two witnesses, met at a certain place, and the presiding Rabbi asked whether the husband had been dead three months? Whether she was the wife of the levir's brother? Whether the deceased and he were of the same father? And whether the widow had reached her twelfth

year? On all which being satisfied, he proceeded to ask whether the levir was willing to marry her, or wished to be separated? Whether he acted willingly or by constraint? And being also satisfied as to these, especially as to the brother's refusal to comply with the law—he commanded the widow to keep the spittle in her mouth till farther orders. A shoe was then brought; it was put upon the right foot of the levir; the woman stepped forward and repeated the following words: "My levir refuses to raise up the name of his brother in Israel. He does not choose to wed me according to the law of the levir;" and the levir assented to her accusation, which being done, she loosed with her own right hand the thong of the shoe; pulled it from his foot, and cast it to the ground, at the same time (not spitting in his face,) but spitting on the ground before his face, she distinctly repeated three times the following words: "So shall it be done to the man who does not wish to build up the house of his brother, and his name shall be called in Israel—the house of him that hath his shoe loosed;" after which the judges and spectators all repeated, "The shoe is loosed." The judge then asked the shoe to be kept as an evidence of the transaction; the widow received a writing from the judge to the same effect, a copy of which is given by Maimonides, and the parties were dismissed. It is somewhat remarkable that the Athenians appear to have adopted the spirit of this law of the levir; for "no heiress could marry out of her kindred, but resigned up herself and her fortune to her nearest relation, who was obliged to marry her;" and among the modern eastern nations we still meet with the law or custom of marrying the brother's widow. Thus Olearius informs us, concerning the Circassians, that, "when a man dies without issue, his brother is obliged to marry the widow, to raise up seed to him," The Hon. Mr. Elphinstone says, that "among the Afghans, as among the Jews, it is thought incumbent on the brother of the deceased to marry his widow; and it is a

mortal affront to the brother for any other person to marry her without his consent. The widow, however, is not compelled to take a husband against her will." M. Volney, in his travels into Syria, tom. ii. p. 74, observes, that "the Druzes retain, to a certain degree, the custom of the Hebrews, which directed a man to marry his brother's widow; but this is not peculiar to them, for they have this, as well as many other customs of that ancient people, in common with the inhabitants of Syria, and with the Arabians in general." But Neibuhr says, "It does, indeed, happen among the Mahometans, that a man marries his brother's widow, but she has no right to compel him so to do." So far, then, respecting the levirate."

From the chapter entitled "Marks of honour and disgrace," we extract the following.

"The princes of the East, even at the present day, have many changes of raiment ready, both as an article of wealth, which large wardrobes have always been in that country, and to suit the occasion; and in Persia they are of different degrees of fineness and richness, according to the rank or merit of the persons to whom they are given; but in Turkey they are all nearly of an equal fineness, and the honour lies in the number given. Party-coloured garments are also, in these countries, counted a mark of honour, and were worn even by kings' daughters. Perhaps Joseph's coat of many colours resembled the stuffs in Barbary, which are formed of pieces of cloth, of different colours, sewed together; or it may have been richly embroidered like that which Telemachus, when leaving the court of Sparta in quest of his father, received from Helen, whom Menelaus had received again into favour after the destruction of Troy. For a superior to give his own garment to an inferior was reckoned a great mark of regard. Hence Jonathan gave his to David; and the following extract from Sir John Malcolm may serve to throw some light on Elisha's request to have the mantle of Elijah. "When the Khalifa," says

he, "or teacher of the Sooffees, dies, he bequeaths his patched garment, which is all his worldly wealth, to the disciple whom he esteems the most worthy to become his successor; and the moment the latter puts on the holy mantle, he is vested with the power of his predecessor."

"Thevenot informs us that superiors, in order to court popularity, sometime use the salutation which is given to equals, instancing, as an example, the Grand Signor, when riding along the streets of Constantinople; and every one knows the arts which Absalom used to win the hearts of the people from his father: he put forth his hand, and took them, and kissed them; a mark of kindness which David shewed to Barzillai for a better end. I shall next add, that a horn in ancient times was an emblem of power, which the following extract will set forth in a new light. "One thing observable in the cavalcade which Mr. Bruce witnessed in Abyssinia was the head-dress of the governors of provinces. A large broad fillet was bound upon their forehead, and tied behind, in the middle of which was a horn, or conical piece of silver, gilt, about four inches long, much in the shape of our common candle extinguishers. This is called *kirn*, and is only worn at reviews, or parades after a victory." In the quarto edition of Bruce, a plate is given of this ensign of office, and I may add, that the Abyssinian word *kirn*, is the same as *keren*, which is the Hebrew word for horn, and is often alluded to in Scripture. Thus in Ps. lxxv. 4, 5, "I said unto the fools, Deal not foolishly; and to the wicked, Lift not up the horn: lift not up your horn on high; speak not with a stiff neck." Ps. xcii. 10, "But my horn shalt thou exalt, like the horn of the unicorn." And in Ps. cxii. 9, "His horn shall be exalted with honour." Perhaps a remnant of this ancient practice is to be found still in the neighbourhood of Lebanon; for Captain Light, in 1814, saw the females of the Maronites and Druzes, "wearing on their heads, a tin or silver conical tube, about twelve inches long, and

twice the size of a common post horn, over which was thrown a white piece of linen that completely enveloped the body. The horn of the emir's wife was of gold, enriched with precious stones.

"But after having spoken of their marks of honour, we may also notice *their marks of disgrace*. These were many, but the chief of them were the following: sometimes they condemned men to the employments of women, like the Jewish youth to grind corn in Babylon; cutting off the beard was accounted a great insult, and plucking off the hair was adding cruelty to insult. To spit in the face of a person was also accounted disgraceful, and it is still practised in the East; for Hanway tells us, that in the year 1744, when a rebel prisoner was brought before Nadir, Shah's general, "the soldiers were ordered to spit in his face, an indignity," adds the historian, "of great antiquity in the East." Clapping the hands, making a wide mouth, pushing out the tongue, and hissing, were likewise the marks of malignant joy and contempt. Accordingly Job says, "Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place." And Jeremiah mentions clapping their hands, hissing, wagging their heads, and gnashing their teeth, as the tokens whereby the inhabitants of Jerusalem showed their hatred. Whilst Isaiah says of Israel, "Against whom make ye a wide mouth and draw out the tongue?"—We formerly noticed the conduct of Shimei to David, in throwing dust in the air, and may now add, that the Jews insulted Paul, many centuries after, in a similar manner: "for it is said of them, that "they gave him audience unto this word, and then lifted up their voices and said, Away with such a fellow from the earth—and they cried out, and cast off their clothes, and threw dust into the air." On which conduct of theirs, the following extract from Captain Light's Travels forms an excellent commentary: "They (viz. the inhabitants of Galabshee, a village on the Nile,) seemed more jealous of my appearance among them than any I

had seen. I was surrounded by them, and 'a présent, a présent,' echoed from all quarters, before they would allow me to look at their temple. One more violent than the rest threw dust in the air, the signal both of rage and defiance, ran for his shield, and came towards me dancing, howling, and striking the shield with the head of his javelin, to intimidate me. A promise of a present, however, pacified him."

"But, perhaps, the greatest insult that could be given, apart of bodily injury, was the contempt that was cast on their mother. Hence the cutting reproach of Saul to his son Jonathan, for the friendship he had shown to David, "Thou son of the perverse, rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thy own confusion, and unto the confusion of thy mother's nakedness? David, likewise, when reproving Joab, his nephew, uses similar language.—"These men, the sons of Zeruiah, be too hard for me." And when Abishai, the brother of Joab, wished to kill Shimei for cursing David, the king replied, "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah?" which Zeruiah was David's full sister; but it is not difficult to explain the origin of this tenderness for a mother's character, and desire to resent any affront that is cast upon her. It is owing to polygamy, where the children of the same family became naturally more attached to her, and to each other; and it is to the same source that we have the names of the mothers of the kings of Israel so frequently mentioned. It distinguished them from the other children of the kings by their other wives, and served to ascertain their descent and propinquity.—But marks of disgrace were not confined to the living; they often extended even to the dead, by refusing them the rights of sepulture, or raising them after they had been interred; or forbidding them to be publicly lamented; or allowing them to become the prey of ravenous animals; or casting them, like Urijah's, into the graves of the common people; or burning their bones into lime, as Moab did the king of Edom's.

"Josephus, when deserted by his soldiers through the intrigues of John of Gischala, while governor of Galilee, showed his sense of the disgrace they had put upon him as their general, in the following striking manner: "He leaped out of his house to them, while they were going to set it on fire, with his clothes rent, and ashes sprinkled on his head, with his hands tied behind him, and his sword hanging at his neck." At this humbling sight, they pitied his situation, repented of their fault, and returned to their duty. This suspending the sword from the neck is several times mentioned in Sir John Malcolm's *History of Persia*, as the mark either of degradation or deep supplication; and the same thing may be said of those who, with sackcloth on their loins, and ropes on their necks, supplicated the conquerors for mercy."

In describing the entertainments of the Jews, we find this notice.

"The most ancient example that is, perhaps, to be met with of a grace, or short prayer before meat, is at a feast which Ptolomy Philadelphus gave to the seventy-two interpreters; and it is thus mentioned by Josephus: "When they were thus sat down, he (viz. Nicenor, who had been appointed by Ptolomy) bade Dorotheus attend to all those that were come to him from Judea, after the manner they used to be ministered unto in their own country. For which cause he sent away their sacred heralds, and those that slew the sacrifices, and the rest that used to say grace; but called to one of those that were come to him, whose name was Eleazar, who was a priest, and desired him to say grace, who then stood in the midst of them, and prayed, 'That all prosperity might attend the king, and those that were his subjects.' Hereupon an acclamation was made by the whole company, and when that was over they began to sup." The next example we have is the practice of the Essenes both before and after meat in Josephus' *Jewish War*. The next is that of our Saviour, in Mark viii. 6. John vi. 11, 23, and St. Paul, Acts xxvii. 35; and the next is the form of

a grace or prayer for Christians at the end of the fifth book of the Apostolical Constitutions, which seems to have been intended both for before and after meat.

"Having said this much as to the probable manner in which the ancient Jews might have lived, I shall add from Buxtorff that of the modern Jews, in those countries especially where they are most populous. They are very particular, he informs us, not only in the selection of the articles of food, but in the manner of preparing them. As to the selection of food, those beasts only are eaten which have the hoof divided, and chew the cud, as oxen and sheep; fishes that have fins and scales, &c. They do not eat the fat of the inwards and kidneys; have a book with directions for killing; and the butcher who can fulfil them gets a certificate from a Rabbi as to his qualification for the business, which commonly procures him much employment. The certificate is as follows: "To day (in such a month and year) I saw and examined the excellent and remarkable N, the son of N, and found him skilled in the art of killing, both by word and hand, therefore I permit him to kill and examine cattle; and whatsoever he hath killed and examined, may be freely eaten, on this condition, that for a year to come he shall once every week peruse diligently the directions for killing and examining; the second year once a month; and during the rest of his life once every three months only. Attested by Rabbi M." In examining the faults of cattle, particular attention is paid to the lungs; and if the butcher is found negligent, he is admonished the first time, and his certificate taken from him the second: With respect to their manner of preparing their victuals, their culinary utensils are either bought new, or if of metal or stone, at second hand, they undergo the purification of fire and water. They have two kinds of vessels for the kitchen and table, the one for flesh, and the other for preparations of milk. The vessels for milk have three distinct marks, because Moses had thrice said, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in

his mother's milk." Sometimes, however, they write the words, *Heleb*, milk, and *Besher*, flesh, to show the distinction. They have also two knives to each, the one for flesh, and the other for cheese and fish : if they use the one instead of the other by mistake, it undergoes a strict purification. Preparations of flesh, and preparations of milk, are not cooked together on the same fire, nor brought to table at the same time, and they have distinct table cloths for each. He who eats of flesh, or of broth made of flesh, ought not to eat cheese for an hour after, and those who affect piety abstain for six hours ; but if he eat cheese first, he may eat flesh immediately after. If fat fall into a dish of milk, it becomes unclean ; but flesh may be never so fat and yet eaten. The eggs of clean birds only are eaten. Flesh and fish are not brought to table at the same time—they even wash the mouth between them, or eat fruit, or a crust of bread. No milk that has been drawn by a Christian, or cheese or butter that has been made by one, is permitted ; and they refrain from drinking from a cov-

ered well, for fear of poisonous animals. As to their preparation of bread, we may remark, that as it is said in Num. xv. 20, "Ye shall offer up a cake of the first of your dough for a heave offering." Therefore at every baking they separate a portion called *Helè*, which, as they cannot now offer to the Lord, they throw into the fire. The size of a grain of barley is sufficient ; but the wise men had fixed on the 40th part for private families, and the 48th for bakers. These last, however, are considered only to have been binding while the temple stood, and the priesthood required maintenance, for a small portion now is reckoned sufficient, and they even find no difficulty in some countries of eating bread that hath been baked by Christians. Indeed, when we inquire into the customs of modern Jews, we find them much affected by local circumstances ; for the Jews in Germany have usages different from those in Britain, and the same may be said of other places.

From the Imperial Magazine.

THE WONDERFUL FORMATION OF MAN.

Concluded from p. 501.

HAVING formed such a being, we should begin to wish that we had provided for its continuance ; for we shall perceive that its operations are attended with a waste of its component parts. How then *shall we provide for its continuance ?*

Shall we make it attract particles of the same nature with itself, as minerals are supposed to increase ?

This could not be done, unless the body were one mass of the same nature throughout : and such a body would be totally unfit for motion or sensation.

Shall we let it suck its nourishment by tubes fixed into the earth, as vegetables do ? Such a structure will not allow the animal to seek pleasure and to avoid pain ; and it would be the height of cruelty to place a sensible

being in such a situation. He would be in the same unhappy state as poor Polydorus, whose sufferings we have all of us shuddered at.

We must have something different from these. We will place a bag (which we will form chiefly of cellular substance, with some muscular fibres and some nerves) in the inside of the body, which shall have the power of reducing various substances sent into it, into a fluid of the same nature, which shall be fit, with some little further preparation, for the support of the body. We will call this bag, the stomach.

We will provide this bag with some tubular appendages of the same materials with itself, which we will call intestines. From these intestines numberless little vessels shall arise, which

shall suck up the nourishing fluid : but where shall they carry it ?

Why, we will have near the middle of the body a roundish hollow muscle : we will call it the heart. It shall have pipes passing from it, which shall divide into smaller ones, and go to every part of the body. The little vessels rising from the intestines, which we will call lacteals, shall bring the nutritive matter, and pour it into the heart. The heart shall contract, and send it through the pipes, to every part of the body. But before this can take place, some previous process is required. The blood received from the stomach must first pass through the lungs, for purposes which will be soon explained. But let us go on as we were going, and our ideas will speedily become correct.

Some of the matter sent by the heart through the pipes, shall remain in every part of the body, and take on itself the nature and disposition of the part to which it is applied.

But as we have not used the whole of what came from the heart, we must provide means of returning it ; and this we will do by another set of pipes which we will call veins, and which shall arise from every part of the body, shall unite into one or two large ones, and carry back the blood to the heart.

Now, parts of our body are constantly becoming effete and useless where they are, but if we can carry them into our circulating fluid, and modify them a little, they will perhaps again serve some purpose ; and moreover, we will have an apparatus for carrying such as are absolutely useless out of the circulation, and out of the body altogether.

To bring these parts into the circulation, we must have another set of vessels distinct from the veins, which we will call absorbents. They shall take up particles of the body, and carry them towards the heart. They shall be of the same nature with the lacteal vessels, which rise from the intestines, and indeed shall be joined with them, as they go towards the heart.

We have then but one set of vessels going from the heart, the arteries, and two going towards it, the veins, and the absorbents, among which latter the lacteals are reckoned. But we need not have separate entrances in the heart for the veins and absorbents ; the absorbents shall pour their liquid into a vein near the heart.

We have now then brought our blood to the heart from every part of the body, where it has received a fresh supply from the stomach ; but the old blood is altered in some of its properties, and is utterly unfit for the purposes of life, until it has undergone the action of the air.

How shall we contrive this,—we find that our single heart is insufficient. We must have as it were two hearts :—one shall receive the blood in the state just mentioned, and send it into an apparatus where the air may effect the necessary change in it—the lungs. The other heart shall receive the prepared blood from the lungs, and send it for the purpose of nourishment to every part of the body.

The first heart, we have said, shall receive the blood from every part of the body with the fluid of the absorbents, and send it into an apparatus for giving it air. This apparatus shall be called the lungs. They shall be bellows, and shall be formed of a number of vesicles, membranous bladders, which shall admit the air, and on which the blood-vessels shall be spread, so that the air shall come in contact, or nearly so, with the sides of the vessels ; which will be found sufficient to produce the necessary change in it.

When this change has been effected, veins shall receive the now perfect blood from all the small arteries of the lungs, and carry it to the second heart, which contracting shall send it anew to every part of the body.

This is one circulation. This is the discovery of the immortal Harvey : after philosophers for many ages had been contented with absurd theories of the motion of the blood, supposing it like the flux and reflux of the tide, and so forth. Though we have formed two

hearts to simplify the circulation, yet we will join them together, as their motions may go on at the same time : we will call the whole, the heart of the animal ; and the two hearts, the two sides of the heart.

Let us impress it on our memories, that one side of the heart receives the prepared blood from the lungs, and sends it to nourish the body ; and the other side receives the blood from all parts of the body, and sends it to the lungs to be again prepared.

Such are the general and easy notions which a person who would gain a knowledge of Physiology and Anatomy should first fix in his mind.

A frame of bone, to give figure, strength, and points of attachment, and action for the moving powers, hollow, and full of oil, where such a structure is admissible ; its parts moveable by means of joints, which are two ends of bone tipped by cartilage, joined by ligament, and besmeared with synovia, which synovia is secreted, and prevented from escaping by a membranous bag fixed around the ends of the bones. To move these bones, ropes called tendons are attached to them ; and to these ropes muscular fibres are fixed, which shortening themselves, draw the most moveable towards the least moveable piece of the frame ; the muscular fibres subservient to the will by means of nerves passing from the brain to them.

To unite the muscular fibres to each other, cellular substance is made use of, of which also membranes, blood-ves-

sels, great part of the stomach and intestines, and of almost every soft part of the body, is formed.

The muscles are not very sensible. But the body is surrounded by a very sensible membrane, the skin ; exceedingly full of nerves, sent from it to the brain ; which give notice to the mind, when any thing destructive to the body approaches.

Fat also is placed by way of cushion, where motion is great ; and is used to fill up interstices, and make the surface of the body smooth and beautiful.

The support of the body is effected by a bag, the stomach, forming several sorts of food into a nutritious fluid. This fluid is taken up by absorbing vessels, opening into the appendages of the stomach, the intestines. These absorbents meet those coming from every other part of the body, and all joining together, pour their fluid into the blood, as it is returning to the heart.

The heart sends it through arteries to the lungs, where it is submitted to the action of the air. Veins return it from the lungs to the other side of the heart, which sends it through arteries to every part of the body : from every part of the body veins receive it, and carry it back towards the heart, being joined in their way by the supply from the intestinal absorbents, together with the fluid of the other absorbents of the body. The heart sends it again to the lungs to be again perfected.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE HERMIT IN THE COUNTRY. No. I.

I AM so partial to Scotland that I always peruse even the humblest tribute in its praise with great pleasure. A couple of letters on the subject having accidentally fallen into my hands, I accordingly lay them before my readers, that they may sympathize in the delights of a cockney, escaping from the noise and dust of Cheapside, to free-

dom and fresh air in the land of cakes and heather.

EDINBURGH.

Letters from Mr. Peter Prig, traveller to the house of Clumph and Company, to his friend in London.

“ Dear John,—What an advantage travelling gives a man over the rest of his neighbours ! A fellow who stands

like a fixture behind his compter, has no chance of enlarging his mind, whilst the traveller who shakes off the London dust from his trowsers, divests himself of prejudice and the vernacular tongue together, and becomes *not* a citizen of London, but a citizen of the world; he is easily naturalized (not neutralized as Mrs. Clumph would call it) any where, because he is himself a child of nature, and takes his mother for his guide. I was never so much convinced of this, as after sojourning a while in the Caledonian metropolis, that Emporium of Science, the great northern mart, as we say. How you untravelled Cocknies do mistake the Scot! You think Sandy a heavy, uncouth, uncultivated sly creature: he is nothing of all this. Well then you consider the Aberdonian to be a sharp, tricky, slippery, selfish fellow: this is equally false. He may have a bit of these ingredients in his composition; but he is just as honest as ourselves,—much pleasanter and easier to deal with, but that's not to my purpose,—sink the shop!

“On my first arriving on the Scottish borders, I was brimful of prejudice, and was prepared to quiz Sandy, as much as I could; and to mark the decided inferiority betwixt him, and ourselves. How my heart and my reason smite me for such an unworthy thought! kindness and hospitality have taken their revenge of me, in this point. The first savage sound which assailed my ears, was, “come, Ben.” For this familiarity I took the liberty of observing, that I did not stand nick names, that I was neither Ben nor Dick, and that I thought the address more free than welcome. The chambermaid stared; she was a pretty girl; and blushing modestly and enchantingly, she replied, “I hope, Sir, no offence; will you step in to the fire?” “No, my dear;” replied I, “for if I did, I should burn myself; and as it is, I am between two fires, a noble one of Scotch coal, and your bright eyes, which is the most ardent of the two.” “What's your wull,” replied Jeannie (such was her name.) “Why, love, I have not made

my will, and I have no will of my own near such a sweet creature as you.” “Tut,” cried Jeannie, “I canna be fashed wi' you; you speak over high English for me, but my mistress will be at you in a moment.” What this meant I knew not, but I was resigned. Her mistress came in—as lady-like a woman as ever I saw, and treated me with the most courtly respect and attention; I was half reconciled to Scotland already.

“At this moment a barbarous fellow entered with “come awa' lassie; fire my chops weel, and be dune as quick as possible, where awa's the guid wife?” What gibberish! “I hope,” thought I to myself, “that they wont attempt to *fire my chops*; but I'm determined, for the fun of the thing, to have a complete Scottish dinner. I therefore ordered a sheep's head and a haggis, with the view of seeing as much of the country manners as I could, and I left the third dish to the landlady's good taste, calling for whiskey by way of beverage. Now, John, the sheep's head was singed, and had whole turnips around it; so that it looked like a black-amoor's head garnished with snow balls; 'twas the most disgusting thing I ever saw. At this moment my epicureanism got the better of my politeness and knowledge of the world, and I cried, with an oath, “take away that monster of a thing!” “Oh! said a pert hussey, with coal black eyes, and auburn hair, (a very pretty girl too) “you dinna like sheep's heed, ablins you'll hae enough o' that at hame!” Devilish sharp, thought I—

“She now brought me some decentish barley broth, and a boiled fowl, which was tol lol, but overdone; some very fine fish, and a bottle of as good port as any in the Lord Mayor's cellar. This made me a little easy; and the active bucksome style of the lass quite struck my fancy. I had, however, only seen her face. Looking down I beheld her naked feet, which quite turned my stomach; but I was determined to be condescending, and to make myself agreeable to the natives; so smiling, “Bonny lassie,” said I, (for I am an

apt scholar, and had picked up that much Scotch already) "I think you have got your birth-day stockings on!" "An you hae gotten your ball stays," replied she, alluding to my Cumberland corset. "Oh! Oh!" thought I; "quizzing, which I had made the order of the day, wont do here;" so I changed my tone.

"I now came to the haggis. Gemini! what a horror! It looked like a boiled bagpipe; and when I stuck my knife in it, out gushed such a flood of abomination, that I was almost suffocated. I dispensed with master haggis; but when I came to taste the whiskey, it took me so powerfully by the throat, that I thought it would have suffocated me again. I can compare it to nothing but blue blazes, and gunpowder, fire and smoke;—I now drank a bottle of Bell's ale—nectar and ambrosia! finished my wine, and ordering my horse, paid a very moderate bill, and prepared for my departure.

"Well, said I to myself, first impressions are strong. I am now but a few miles in Scotland, and I find civil treatment, moderate charges, good wine, and pretty girls: a man may do well enough here. I took a private lodging at Edinburgh, and made myself comfortable. I lodge and board in the new town, which beats Bath hollow, at a widow M'Clarty's. I took her at first for a poor distressed woman; but she has a fine sideboard of plate, engraved with the arms of the M'Clarty family, as proudly as if she were a duchess; table linen enough to set up a draper's shop, and the most splendid Bible I ever saw in my life, which she is always quoting; besides a very decent library,

and handsome furniture. She says she lets lodgings for company's sake, being a lone woman, but that's all my eye. However, she is an uncommonly worthy, good sort of person.

"At table, I expected to show off, for the party consisted of two ministers (as they call the parsons) and two young students, one of physic and the other of law; but I could scarcely get in a word edgeways. I began to flash a little about the state of Europe, when the elder minister, who might have been a minister of state for his knowledge, opened upon me, until I was quite dumb-founded. He had history at his finger's ends, and he knew more about the continent than I did about the counting-house, altho' a very uncouth shabby looking chap. The younger parson, too, would quote you all the British poets, and authors, with a facility that astonished me, but all in a broad accent, which proved that he had never crossed the borders. The law fellow seemed to want to talk nothing but Greek and Latin, mathematics, arts, and sciences; but the medical gentleman, an Irishman, was as gay and flighty as you could wish, and seeing how flabbergasted I was, he took me under his wing to shew me life. We finished the evening together, and with this I will finish my letter. Edinburgh is a rare place for learning, as you shall hear another time. In the mean while I remain,

"Dear John, yours very truly.

"PETER PRIG."

"P. S. The lace *takes* finely; *vous m'entendez*, as we say in French. Pray take care of my bull-bitch, and pay up my subscription to the club."

From Baldwin's London Magazine.

CURIOUS HISTORY OF A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

Sir,—A few years back, Mrs. Charlotte Smith published some selections from the *Causes Celebres* of Guiot de Pitaval, to which she gave the very appropriate title of *The Romance of Real Life*. In the hope that you will find the following little narrative as interesting as the incident which caused its being drawn up is extraordinary, I transmit it to you, being of opinion with the above-named lady,

that scarcely any circumstance portrayed by the most fertile imagination, may not find its parallel in the actual occurrences which diversify our existence.

JAMES GOGGIN was born in the little town of Headfort, in the county of Galway, and kingdom of

Ireland : he is now about fifty-six years old, of which he has been nearly thirty-three in his Majesty's service. Thirteen he has served as serjeant in the Fifth Dragoon Guards. On the 2d of March, 1810, he received his discharge, as "rheumatic and worn out," and the Irish Pension, (about forty-one pounds per annum, of the currency of that country,) was granted to him. For his character and conduct while a soldier, he has the testimonials of the late much lamented General William Ponsonby; at one period his lieutenant-colonel; Colonel William Jones, his major; he can refer also to the Hon. General Robert Taylor and General Brook; and generally to every officer with whom he has served.

During the course of the severe service seen by the abovenamed regiment on the continent, under the immediate command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Goggin received two gun-shot wounds, and one from a sabre, the effects of which he yet feels.

About the year 1786, while recruiting, Goggin intermarried with a girl of respectable connexions and character, belonging to the town of Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary. By her he has had sixteen children.

In the year 1793, he left the Cove of Cork with his regiment, and accompanied by his wife, landed at Ostend, of which place General Stewart, of the 3d Foot, or Old Buffs, was then governor. To this officer Mrs. Goggin was recommended by Colonel (now General) Taylor, to act as cook and housekeeper, in which stations she remained to the period of the evacuation of Ostend by the English force. During this interval, she had frequently the honour to dress the dinner prepared for his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and to be more than once noticed by him. She was then pregnant of her fifth child, the particulars relating to which are hereafter to be mentioned.

On the 4th April, 1794, the wife of Goggin was delivered of a female infant, who was baptized the same day, by the name of Mary, agreeably to the rites of the catholic faith. Her moth-

er's situation rendered it necessary that the infant should be placed out at nurse; and Joanna Maartins, an honest poor working woman of Ostend, took charge of her, at the rate of ten florins (or twenty franks) per month. Mary being then thirteen weeks old. The father and mother finding their child in perfectly good hands, and believing that the British army would speedily re-occupy Ostend, consented, at the evacuation of that place, chiefly in consequence of the earnest entreaty of the foster-mother to leave her behind them.

The events of the following campaigns destroyed all hope, in Goggin and his wife, of soon rejoining or recovering their daughter. In the disasters of the times, they lost the whole of their savings in money, and all their baggage. Since then, eleven other children were born to this couple. Frequent change of quarters, heavy expences incident to such change, the illness of the mother, and the father's decreasing strength and impaired health, made retirement indispensable to him, and he procured his discharge as above stated. From this period (1810) up to the present (1816), he has resided partly in the county of Galway, and partly in the county of Tipperary, at Nenagh, with his wife's relations, and where he still remains.

The occupation of Ostend by the enemy continuing up to 1814, he remained unable to procure any tidings of his daughter who was left in that town so long back as in 1794. When the successes of the Allies opened the way for correspondence with the continent, Goggin, by letters to such of the inhabitants as he remembered, to the mayor of the place, to the British commandant, in fine, by every means he could himself devise, or that others recommended, sought to obtain knowledge of his child's situation:—his endeavours were fruitless. The dangerous state of his wife's health, rendered it impossible for him to go over to Ostend immediately, a step which it was his earnest desire to take.

At length, some mitigation of his wife's complaints took place: the cor-

roding reflections of this unhappy couple on the possible fate of their abandoned child, coupled with the fruitlessness of every other mode hitherto attempted to gain information of her, induced Goggin to make one last struggle, cost what it would, to relieve his mind and that of his afflicted wife. He accordingly, with the little means he could muster, left Nenagh the 2d of August, of the present year (1816), and after a long and painful journey by sea and land arrived at Ostend on the 17th of the same month. It may here be incidentally mentioned, that of the sixteen children born to him in various parts of the Continent, England, and Ireland, only one boy, about twelve years old, and the chance of a daughter's existence at Ostend remained to him. The death of this numerous offspring arose, as Goggin states, from the hardships of a military life, and the diseases prevailing in the various quarters during his thirty-three years' service.

Behold then this poor father, with palpitating heart and trembling steps, approaching, after an interval of twenty-two years and some months, the residence of the nurse with whom he had deposited his infant. Although his conscience was clear as to the necessity which caused his separation from his child, still consequences the most alarming to a father's feelings as to its fate, were to be apprehended. That child was a female: to find her poor, brought up perhaps by public charity, coarse, ignorant, and uneducated, was the best he could expect; but the certainty of her early death would be happiness, compared with the circumstances in which she might be found, both as to morals, habits, and connections. With these feelings, aggravated to mental agony, he reaches the well-known habitation; he recognizes the woman with whom he had placed his child; but time and hardship had obliterated all trace of him in her recollection:—A few words of explanation, and she runs out and returns *with his daughter!* The delighted parent finds his child well formed, good looking, and even accomplished for her situation in life!

Her extraordinary fate had interested the whole town for her; whilst her most exemplary demeanour, her industry, her purity of conduct, had confirmed the partiality of its inhabitants. She who considered herself alone in the world, is now in the arms of a father. She glories in a parent who has sought her out from a far country, with scarcely a chance of success in his research: finally, she feels an elevation in being raised from the condition of an abandoned orphan, to that of the idolized member of a respectable family.

The whole town of Ostend are quickly apprized of the winding-up of this romantic adventure. The companions and friends of Mary Goggin crowd around, and felicitate her—the old man is caressed on all hands, and both, for more than a week, are invited to entertainments at the houses of the most respectable inhabitants.—A word now of the worthy guardian of the orphan Mary. At the period of the birth of the latter, she was, as is already stated, “a poor working woman,” to whom the promised twenty francs a month, for the nurture of the child, constituted almost the sole mean of existence.—When Goggin and his wife were forced to leave Ostend, she refused to accept a trunk, containing clothes and other valuables, as a pledge for their return, or, in the contrary event, to be taken in lieu of the monthly payment; at the same time she solemnly promised that she would be a mother to the baby entrusted to her care; and well did she perform her promise!—As soon as it was ascertained that the English would no more return to Ostend, she redoubled her tenderness to the infant, and was consequently forced to redouble her exertions for their mutual support. While at work herself, she has for years been obliged to diminish her scanty daily stipend, by paying a person to take care of the little Mary. A more severe trial, however, took place when her charge was two years old. Although of a remarkably plain exterior, she was sought in marriage by Thomas Vanloo, a carpenter of the town. Scandal became busy with her

character ;—her extraordinary partiality for her nurse child was misinterpreted, and the lover hesitated to fulfil his engagement with her, unless, as a proof that the current reports were ill-founded, she would abandon the infant to public charity. This proposition she steadily and peremptorily refused, although a compliance with it would have raised her at once to comparative ease and independence. For some time the marriage was broken off ; but at length the lover gave way, and the condition of both nurse and child was instantly ameliorated. What was yet more providential, the husband became nearly as strongly attached to the little being as his wife, and almost equally prodigal of his cares in her regard. At eight years old she had the confluent small-pox, and medical treatment was procured her, at an immense expense for people in their condition.—After suffering blindness for a considerable time, the little girl was then restored to sight and health. As she grew up, finding her susceptible of a good education, this worthy couple sent her, for five years, to the best school in the town ; for some months to a French academy, to acquire that indispensable language in the then state of affairs ; and, to consummate their goodness, and secure her independence in future, they bound her apprentice to a mantua-maker and milliner for five years. Be it remembered, also, that these extraordinary people had, during this time, two girls and two boys of

their own, to whom they could not afford other than the most ordinary education ! To form some idea of what sacrifices Vanloo and his wife have made in this matter, it will be necessary to read the paper annexed to this statement, of their disbursements for Mary up to the age of fifteen : from that period, it is their pride and boast to state, that she has abundantly maintained herself, and has no longer been a charge to them, but the contrary. Indeed, the whole town have come forward to attest, before the mayor, their view of the conduct of this estimable couple, and of their precious charge, in an instrument, on the proper stamp, and attested in all due form.

The father, Goggin, is now on the point of quitting Ostend ; other cares and duties call him home. To quit his daughter is heart-breaking to him ; but to quit her without being able to make Vanloo and his wife the repayment of his just debt, or even the slightest remuneration for their benevolent charity to his child, weighs his mind down almost to despair. He, in the recollection and contemplation of H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief's parental conduct to the army, has some faint hope that H. R. H. may deign to take the case of his old soldier into consideration, and that, thro' his gracious intervention, some means might be found to remove the only impediment to his perfect happiness.

ZOOLOGY OF THE SPITZBERGEN WHALE.

(Extracted from Scoresby's valuable work, "*Arctic Voyages*," &c. just published.)

From the Literary Gazette.

ERRONEOUS opinions have been entertained respecting the Whale (the *Balaena Mysticetus*) having been of a much larger size in former times than now : from a comparison of the preceding accounts of all credible witnesses, the author says—

"Hence I conceive we may satisfactorily conclude, that whales of as large size are found now, as at any former pe-

riod since the Spitzbergen fishery was discovered ; and I may also remark, that where any respectable authority affords actual measurements exceeding 70 feet, it will always be found that the specimen referred to, was not one of the *Mysticetus* kind, but of the *B. Physalis*, or the *B. Musculus*, animals which considerably exceed in length any of the common whales that I have

either heard of, or met with. When fully grown, therefore, the length of the whale may be stated as varying from 50 to 65, and rarely, if ever, reaching 70 feet; and its greatest circumference from 30 to 40 feet. It is thickest a little behind the fins, or in the middle, between the anterior and posterior extremes of the animal; from whence it gradually tapers in a conical form, towards the tail, and slightly towards the head. Its form is cylindrical from the neck, to within ten feet of the tail, beyond which it becomes somewhat quadrangular, the greatest ridge being upward, or on the back, and running backward nearly across the middle of the tail. The head has somewhat of a triangular shape. The under-part, the arched outline of which is given by the jaw bones, is flat, and measures 16 to 20 feet in length, and 10 to 12 in breadth. The lips, extending 15 or 20 feet in length, and 5 or 6 in height, and forming the cavity of the mouth, are attached to the under-jaw, and rise from the jaw-bones, at an angle of about 80 degrees, having the appearance, when viewed in front, of the letter U. The upper jaw, including the 'crown-bone,' or skull, is bent down at the extremity, so as to shut the front and upper parts of the cavity of the mouth, and is overlapped by the lips in a squamous manner at the sides. When the mouth is open, it presents a cavity as large as a room, and capable of containing a merchant-ship's jolly-boat, full of men, being 6 or 8 feet wide, 10 or 12 feet high (in front), and 15 or 16 feet long. The fins, two in number, are placed between one-third and two-fifths of the length of the animal, from the snout, and about two feet behind the angle of the mouth. They are 7 to 9 feet in length, and 4 or 5 in breadth. The part by which they are attached to the body, is somewhat elliptical, and about 2 feet in diameter; the side which strikes the water is nearly flat. The articulation being perfectly spherical, the fins are capable of motion in any direction; but, from the tension of the flesh and skin below, they cannot be raised above the horizon-

tal position. Hence the account given by some naturalists, that the whale supports its young by its fins, on its back, must be erroneous. The fins, after death, are always hard and stiff; but, in the living animal, it is presumed, from the nature of the internal structure, that they are capable of considerable flexion. The whale has no dorsal fin. The tail, comprising, in a single surface, 80 or 100 square feet, is a formidable instrument of motion and defence. Its length is only 5 or 6 feet; but its width is 18 to 24 or 26 feet. Its position is horizontal. In its form it is flat and semi-lunar; indented in the middle; the two lobes somewhat pointed, and turned a little backward. Its motions are rapid and universal; its strength immense. The eyes are situated in the sides of the head, about a foot obliquely above and behind the angle of the mouth. They are remarkably small in proportion to the bulk of the animal's body, being little larger than those of an ox. The whale has no external ear; nor can any orifice for the admission of sound be discovered until the skin is removed.

On the most elevated part of the head, about 16 feet from the anterior extremity of the jaw, are situated the blow-holes, or spiracles; consisting of two longitudinal apertures 6 or 8 inches in length. These are the proper nostrils of the whale. A moist vapour, mixed with mucus, is discharged from them, when the animal breathes; but no water accompanies it, unless an expiration of the breath be made under the surface.

The mouth, in place of teeth, contains two extensive rows of "fins," or whalebone, which are suspended from the sides of the crown-bone. These series of fins are generally curved longitudinally, although they are sometimes straight, and give an arched form to the roof of the mouth. They are covered immediately by the lips attached to the lower jaw, and enclose the tongue between their lower extremities. Each series or "side of bone," as the whalefishers term it consists of upwards of 300 laminae; the longest are near

the middle, from whence they gradually diminish away to nothing at each extremity. Fifteen feet is the greatest length of the whalebone; but 10 or 11 feet is the average size, and 13 feet is a magnitude seldom met with. The greatest breadth, which is at the gum, is 10 or 12 inches. The laminae, composing the two series of bone, are ranged side by side, two thirds of an inch apart, (thickness of the blade included,) and resemble a frame of saws, in a saw-mill. The interior edges are covered with a fringe of hair, and the exterior edge of every blade, excepting a few at each extremity of the series, is curved and flattened down, so as to present a smooth surface to the lips. In some whales, a curious hollow on one side, and ridge on the other, occurs in many of the central blades of whalebone, at regular intervals of 6 or 7 inches. May not this irregularity, like the rings in the horns of the ox, which they resemble, afford an intimation of the age of the whale? If so, twice the number of running feet in the longest laminae of whalebone in the head of a whale not full grown, would represent its age in years. In the youngest whales, called *suckers*, the whalebone is only a few inches long; when the length reaches 6 feet or upwards, the whale is said to be *size*. The colour of the whalebone is brownish-black, or bluish-black. In some animals, it is striped longitudinally with white. When newly cleaned, the surface exhibits a fine play of colour. A large whale sometimes affords a ton and a half of whalebone. If the "sample blade," that is, the largest lamina in the series, weigh 7 pounds, the whole produce may be estimated at a ton; and so on in proportion. The whalebone is inserted into the crown-bone, in a sort of rabbit. All the blades in the same series are connected together by the gum, in which the thick ends are inserted. This substance, (the gum,) is white, fibrous, tender, and tasteless. It cuts like cheese. It has the appearance of the interior or kernel of the cocoa-nut.

The tongue occupies a large proportion of the cavity of the mouth, and the

arch formed by the whalebone. It is incapable of protrusion, being fixed from root to tip, to the fat extending between the jaw-bones. A slight beard, consisting of a short scattered white hair, surmounts the anterior extremity of both jaws. The throat is remarkably strait.

Two paps in the female, afford the means of rearing its young. The milk of the whale resembles that of quadrupeds in its appearance. It is said to be rich and well-flavoured.

Immediately beneath the skin lies the *blubber* or fat, encompassing the whole body of the animal, together with the fins and tail. Its colour is yellowish-white, yellow, or red. In the very young animal it is always yellowish-white. In some old animals, it resembles in colour the substance of the salmon. It swims in water. Its thickness all round the body, is 8 or 10 to 20 inches, varying in different parts as well as in different individuals. The lips are composed almost entirely of blubber, and yield from one to two tons of pure oil each. The tongue is chiefly composed of a soft kind of fat, that affords less oil than any other blubber; in the centre of the tongue, and towards the root, this fat is intermixed with fibres of a muscular substance. The under jaw, excepting the two jaw-bones, consists almost wholly of fat; and the crown-bone possesses a considerable coating of it. The fins are principally blubber, tendons, and bones; and the tail possesses a thin stratum of blubber. The oil appears to be retained in the blubber in minute cells, connected together by a strong reticulated combination of tendinous fibres. The blubber, in its fresh state, is without any unpleasant smell; and it is not until after the termination of the voyage, when the cargo is unstowed, that a Greenland ship becomes disagreeable.

Four tons of blubber by measure, generally afford three tons of oil; but the blubber of a sucker contains a very small proportion. Whales have been caught that afforded nearly thirty tons of pure oil; and whales yielding twenty tons of oil, are by no means

uncommon. The quantity of oil yielded by a whale, generally bears a certain proportion to the length of its longest blade of whalebone.

A stout whale of sixty feet in length, is of the enormous weight of seventy tons; the blubber weighs about thirty tons, the bones of the head, whalebone, fins and tail, eight or ten; carcass thirty or thirty-two.

The flesh of the young whale is of a red colour; and when cleared of fat, broiled, and seasoned with pepper and salt, does not eat unlike coarse beef; that of the old whale approaches to black, and is exceedingly coarse. An immense bed of muscles surrounding the body, is appropriated chiefly to the movements of the tail.

The number of ribs, according to Sir Charles Giesecké, is thirteen on each side. The bones of the fins are analogous, both in proportion and number, to those of the fingers of the human hand. From this peculiarity of structure, the fins have been denominated by Dr. Flemming, "swimming paws." The posterior extremity of the whale, however, is a real tail; the termination of the spine or os coccygis, running through the middle of it almost to the edge.

The whale seems dull of hearing. A noise in the air, such as that produced by a person shouting, is not noticed by it, though at the distance only of a ship's length; but a very slight splashing in the water, in calm weather, excites its attention, and alarms it. Its sense of seeing is acute. Whales are observed to discover one another, in clear water, when under the surface, at an amazing distance. When at the surface, however, they do not see far. They have no voice; but in breathing or *blowing*, they make a very loud noise. The vapour they discharge, is ejected to the height of some yards, and appears at a distance, like a puff of smoke. When the animals are wounded, it is often stained with blood; and, on the approach of death, jets of blood are sometimes discharged alone. They blow strongest, densest, and loudest, when "running," when in a state of alarm, or when they first appear at the surface, after being a

long time down. They respire or blow about four or five times a-minute.

The usual rate at which whales swim, even when they are on their passage from one situation to another, seldom exceeds four miles an hour; and though, when urged by the sight of any enemy, or alarmed by the stroke of a harpoon, their extreme velocity may be at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour: yet we find this speed never continues longer than for a few minutes, before it relaxes almost to one-half. Hence, for the space of a few minutes, they are capable of darting through the water, with the velocity almost of the fastest ship under sail, and of ascending with such rapidity as to leap entirely out of the water. This feat they sometimes perform as an amusement apparently, to the high admiration of the distant spectator; but to the no small terror of the unexperienced fishers who, even under such circumstances, are often ordered, by the foolhardy harpooner, to "pull away" to the attack. Sometimes the whales throw themselves into a perpendicular posture, with their heads downward, and, rearing their tails on high in the air, beat the water with awful violence. In both these cases, the sea is thrown into foam, and the air filled with vapours; the noise, in calm weather, is heard to a great distance; and the concentric waves produced by the concussions on the water, are communicated abroad to a considerable extent. Sometimes the whale shakes its tremendous tail in the air, which, cracking like a whip, resounds to the distance of two or three miles.

When it retires from the surface, it first lifts its head, then plunging it under water, elevates its back like the segment of a sphere, deliberately rounds it away towards the extremity, throws its tail out of the water, and then disappears.

In their usual conduct, whales remain at the surface to breathe, about two minutes, seldom longer; during which time, they "blow" eight or nine times, and then descend for an interval usually of five or ten minutes; but sometimes, when feeding, fifteen or twenty. The depth to which they

commonly descend, is not known, though from the "eddy" occasionally observed on the water, it is evidently, at times, only trifling. But, when struck, the quantity of line they sometimes take out of the boats, in a perpendicular descent, affords a good measure of the depth. By this rule, they have been known to descend to the depth of an English mile; and with such velocity, that instances have occurred, in which whales have been drawn up by the line attached, from a depth of 700 or 800 fathoms, and have been found to have broken their jaw-bones, and sometimes crown-bone, by the blow struck against the bottom. Some persons are of opinion, that whales can remain under a field of ice, or at the bottom of the sea, in shallow water, when undisturbed, for many hours at a time. Whales are seldom found sleeping: yet, in calm weather, among ice, instances occasionally occur.

The food of the whale consists of va-

rious species of actiniæ, cliques, sepia, medusæ, cancri, and helices; or at least some of these genera are always to be seen whenever any tribe of whales is found stationary and feeding. In the dead animals, however, in the very few instances in which I have been enabled to open their stomachs, squillæ or shrimps were the only substances discovered. In the mouth of a whale just killed, I once found a quantity of the same kind of insect.

When the whale feeds, it swims with considerable velocity below the surface of the sea, with its jaws widely extended. A stream of water consequently enters its capacious mouth, and along with it, large quantities of water insects; the water escapes again at the sides; but the food is entangled and sifted as it were, by the whalebone, which, from its compact arrangement, and the thick internal covering of hair, does not allow a particle the size of the smallest grain to escape.

LETTERS FROM TRIPOLI.*

From the Literary Gazette.

ALTHOUGH the gallant and successful attack of the fleet under Lord Exmouth, has, in addition to liberating the unfortunate christian slaves, repressed, if not entirely removed the system of piracy, which the Barbary powers had, to the disgrace of civilization, established so long; it has neither tended to produce greater confidence, nor increase to any considerable extent their commercial intercourse with the nations of Europe. Consequently nothing that is calculated to make us better acquainted with the manners and customs of the people or their governments, has by any means diminished, while the same impenetrable mystery in which religious dogmas and jealous habits have hitherto concealed them, only stimulates curiosity, particularly towards those works that bear internal evidence of having been prepared on

the very spot where the facts they relate occurred, or in which the manners and customs described, still continue to prevail in all their original force. Such is the case with regard to the volumes before us, which were written by the sister-in-law of the late Mr. Tully, British Consul General at the court of Tripoli; between whose family and that of the bashaw, the closest intimacy subsisted for many years.

Previous to our giving any of the singular anecdotes with which these letters abound, our readers will perhaps be pleased to know something of the place in which the author collected her materials. It is thus described—

"Previous to entering the Bay of Tripoli, a few miles from the land, the country is rendered picturesque by various tints of beautiful verdure: no object whatever seems to interrupt the

* Letters written during a Ten Years' Residence at the Court of Tripoli, &c. with coloured plates. 2 vols. London 1820.

evenness of the soil, which is of a light colour, almost white, and interspersed with long avenues of trees; for such is the appearance of the numerous palms planted in regular rows, and kept in the finest order. Their immense branches, coarse when near, are neat and distinct at a distance. The land lying low and very level, the naked stems of these trees are scarcely seen, and the plantations of dates seem to extend for many miles in luxuriant woods and groves. On a nearer view, they present a more straggling appearance, and afford neither shelter nor shade from the burning atmosphere which every where surrounds them. The whole of the town appears in a semicircle, some time before reaching the harbour's mouth. The extreme whiteness of square flat buildings covered with lime, which in this climate encounters the sun's fiercest rays, is very striking. The baths form clusters of cupolas very large, to the number of eight or ten crowded together in different parts of the town. The mosques have in general a small plantation of Indian figs and date-trees growing close to them, which, at a distance, appearing to be so many rich gardens in different parts of the town, give the whole city, in the eyes of an European, an aspect truly novel and pleasing. On entering the harbour, the town begins to discover dilapidations from the destructive hand of time, large hills of rubbish appearing in various parts of it. The castle, or royal palace, where the bashaw resides, is at the east end of the town, within the walls, with a dock-yard adjoining, where the bey, (the bashaw's eldest son, and heir to the throne) builds his cruisers. This castle is very ancient, and is enclosed by a strong high wall which appears impregnable; but it has lost all symmetry on the inside, from the innumerable additions made to contain the different branches of the royal family; for there is scarcely an instance of any of the blood royal, as far as the bashaw's great-grandchildren, living without the castle walls. These buildings have increased it by degrees to a little irregular town."

As our extracts will frequently relate

to events which took place in the bashaw's castle, we shall pass over the early part of the first volume, descriptive of the city, adjoining country, and various traits of manners and customs, for the purpose of at once introducing the reader to the interior of the harem and palace, of which it forms a part.

"On approaching the castle of the bashaw, you pass the first intrenchments, escorted by the hampers (the bashaw's body-guards). The castle is surrounded by a wall upwards of forty feet high, with battlements, embrasures, and towers, in the old manner of fortification, and is of ancient architecture, much disfigured on the inside by irregular additions made by the present bashaw to contain the numerous branches of his family. Having passed thro' the gate, you enter the first court-yard of the castle crowded with guards, waiting before the skiffer or hall where the Chiah sits all day. This is the highest officer belonging to the Bashaw, and the most in his confidence. He is invested with supreme power whenever the bashaw is absent. No subject can approach the bashaw on any affairs but through him. A number of guards with black slaves and Mamelukes attend him. Through this hall is a paved square with a piazza supported by marble pillars, in which is built the messeley or council chamber, where the bashaw receives his court on gala days. It is finished on the outside with Chinese tiles, a number of which form an entire painting. A flight of variegated marble steps leads up to the door of it."

The fair author had not been many days in Tripoli, when she had the good fortune to be presented at court, at least to the female portion of it. Lilla Kebbiera, or Halluma, to use a more poetic appellation, wife to the bashaw, is represented as being extremely affable, and possessing the most insinuating manners. Though at that time forty years of age, she was still very handsome, having light blue eyes and flaxen hair. She was adored by her subjects. The appearance of Lilla Halluma and the apartment in which the author first saw her, are described as follows.

"The Moorish habit for mourning consists only in the clothes being entirely deprived of their new appearance, and the deeper the mourning is meant to be, the more indifferent and even shabby the clothes: therefore when she orders a new cap, which is so richly embroidered that it is like a solid plate of gold, she never puts it on till it has passed through water before her, and all the beauty of it destroyed. She weeps over the operation, and her tirewomen make extempore verses on the cause of her distress. The rest of her clothes were grand, and she wore costly jewels; a transparent veil of many yards, flowing carelessly about her in graceful drapery, displayed through it the whole of her rich dress; and her figure was altogether majestic, with the sweetest countenance. The apartment she was in was hung with dark green velvet tapestry, ornamented with coloured silk damask flowers; and sentences out of the Koran were cut in silk letters and neatly sewed on, forming a deep border at the top and bottom; below this, the apartment was finished with tiles forming landscapes. The sides of the doorway, and the entrance into the room, were marble; and according to the custom of furnishing here, choice china and crystal encircled the room on a moulding near the ceiling. Close beneath these ornaments were placed large looking-glasses with frames of gold and silver; the floor was covered with curious matting and rich carpeting over it; loose mattresses and cushions placed on the ground, made up in the form of sophas, covered with velvet, and embroidered with gold and silver, served for seats, with Turkey carpets laid before them. The coffee was served in very small cups of china, placed in gold filagree cups without saucers, on a solid gold salver, of an uncommon size, richly embossed: this massive waiter was brought in by two slaves, who bore it between them round to each of the company; and these two eunuchs were the most richly habited slaves we had yet seen in the castle: they were entirely covered with gold and silver. Refreshments were afterwards served upon low

and beautifully inlaid tables, not higher than a foot from the ground; and amongst the sherbets was fresh pomegranate juice, passed through the rind of the fruit, which gave it an excellent flavour. After the repast, slaves attended with silver filagree censers, offering, at the same time, towels with gold ends wove in them near half a yard deep."

Though want of room prevents our extracting some of these anecdotes which succeed the above passage, we cannot omit one illustrating the wretched state of the females in Barbary, where their very lives are in the hands, and at the disposal of men alternately the slaves of caprice and jealousy. The Tripolitan ambassador to Morocco had a Circassian slave who lived near the family residence, and whom he suspected of infidelity; but after having often threatened and as often pardoned her, she at length fell a victim to the rage of a Mameluke in the service of her lord.

"This wretch was an enemy to his master, and an unsuccessful admirer of the fair Circassian. Hearing that his master was engaged at an entertainment given by the Christians, he came to him late in the evening, and worked on his imagination till the fatal teskerar was obtained. The Mameluke immediately rode off full speed to the garden where she resided, and had departed on the wretched errand but a few moments, when the visible alteration and the agony in the countenance of the ambassador, led his friends soon to the supposition of the cruel orders he had issued, and he was easily persuaded to countermand them. He sent horsemen with every inducement given them to overtake the sanguinary Mameluke, and arrest his hand from the murder he was so eager to perpetrate. They reached the garden a few seconds after him; but he knowing of a breach in the garden wall, had, assassin-like, entered that way to prevent alarm, and found the fair Circassian walking solitarily in the garden at that late hour. At the sight of him she fled, having long considered him as her destined murderer. She, in

her terror, climbed up the garden walls, and ran round the top of them. Those who were sent to save her saw her run in vain. They forced the gates, and entered them; in the mean while, twice they heard a pistol fired, and soon after the dying groans of the unfortunate female, whom the Mameluke, to prevent explanations, had stabbed to death, after having discharged two pistols at her."

Instances of a similar nature were quite common at Tripoli in those days. In page 156 *et passim*, of the first volume, there is a very interesting account of the treatment to which Christian slaves were formerly exposed at Tripoli, in the person of a Spanish lady and her two children. Those who read it, will be thereby still better enabled to appreciate the services rendered to Europe and humanity by Great Britain, in having abolished that horrible practice altogether.

In 1785 and the following year, Tripoli was exposed to the double calamity of a plague and famine, which carried off a third of its inhabitants. Even to this day, it would seem that the melancholy experience of the past, has been of little service to the Mahometans, who from their implicit faith in predestination, consider it as altogether superfluous to take any precautions against the introduction of these destructive scourges. Alluding to the effects of the epidemic on this occasion, the author observes :

"The city of Tripoli, after the plague, exhibited an appearance awfully striking. In some of the houses were found the last victims that had perished in them, who having died alone, unpitied and unassisted, lay in a state too bad to be removed from the spot, and were obliged to be buried where they were; while in others, children were wandering about deserted, without a friend belonging to them. The town was almost entirely depopulated, and rarely two people walked together. One solitary being paced slowly thro' the streets, his mind unoccupied by business, and lost in painful reflections: if he lifted his eyes, it was with mournful surprise to gaze on the empty habi-

tations around him: whole streets he passed without a living creature in them; for beside the desolation of the plague before it broke out in this city, many of the inhabitants, with the greatest inconvenience, left their houses and fled to Tunis (where the plague then raged), to avoid starving in the dreadful famine that preceded it here."

Turning from this wretched picture, we shall present a more cheerful sketch to the reader. A lady of distinction being desirous of celebrating the return of Hadgi Abderrahman, who has been already alluded to, a number of female friends were accordingly invited, and amongst the rest our author, who gives the following account of an evening party at Tripoli.

"The festive song for this rejoicing we heard long before we reached the house, and it was not without difficulty and delay that we could be conducted through this crowded assembly to the ambassador's wife and family, who were seated with the most distinguished part of the company. At sunset, about an hour after we arrived, Lilla Amnani rose and led the company to the galleries of the house, fitted up in the same manner as the area, covered with awnings, and furnished with a profusion of mats, carpets, and cushions. In these galleries were placed low Moorish tables, furnished with viands of every delicacy the place could afford. The chief beverage was a sherbet I have before described to you, made of boiled raisins mixed with sugar and the juice of lemon. Between two and three hundred weight of this fruit is made use of at one of these feasts. Lilla Amnani and the ambassador's eldest daughter walked round the tables while the guests were seated, to talk with them, and see they were properly served.

"During the entertainment of the music, Lilla Zenobia, the wife of Sidy el Buny and favourite of the bey, with a lady related to Hamet Hogia's family, and some other beauties of a gay description, unavoidably found entrance for a short time. Not long after they came in, a report spread through the

apartments which caused a serious alarm : it was that Sidy Useph was present, having introduced himself disguised as a female, among the attendants. As such a discovery might have proved fatal to him, the thought of its happening at the ambassador's house was truly terrifying to Lilla Amnani. At the instant this report was spread, and every one in commotion, a number of women who had crowded into the avenues about the house, rushed into the street and disappeared ; and it was positively affirmed that Sidy Useph was amongst them. Lilla Zenobia, with her friend, departed the same instant."

Thus it is that throughout the work, its charm is greatly heightened by a minuteness of detail which brings the reader in immediate contact with the objects and scenes described. Having shown the Moorish ladies "*at home*," the sketch would be incomplete were we to overlook the opportunity afforded, of exhibiting them during a visit to the house of Mr. Tully, where his lady and the fair author had the honour of entertaining the wife of Hadgi Abderrahman, an event of very rare occurrence amongst Mahometans.

"The ambassador came himself first at nine o'clock in the evening : in about ten minutes after, his lady and his eldest daughter by his first wife, and two Moorish ladies, relations of the family, with their black and white women attendants, arrived. The gentlemen retired and none of the male servants were suffered to appear. As soon as the ladies came, the ambassador left us, as, agreeably to the custom of the country, he could not have appeared at the repast with his family. The Moorish ladies, when they entered the house, were so entirely concealed, that it was impossible to discover them, and they could only be known by the crowd of attendants that surrounded them, and by the whiteness and delicate texture of their drapery. When their slaves removed the upper covering, the next transparent web or baracan discovered the most costly dresses, with great

quantities of jewels. Abderrahman's Greek was not painted, but the rest of the ladies were. Lilla Amnani gave us a reason for not adding this ornament to the rest of her dress, that being the mother of a family, she was just arrived at that age when the Moorish prayers could not be dispensed with ; and as paint cannot be worn by any one during their orisons, she must, if she painted, be obliged, each time she attended her devotions, to wash it off and paint afresh."

The author adds : "It was very entertaining to us to see the curiosity and surprize every thing thorough the house excited in our visitors : they beheld in every second article something quite novel. They admired very much the books that were lying about, as they are only accustomed to see, or rather hear of manuscripts, and they seemed hardly to credit that ladies sat down to read through the books they saw. On the apartments being shown to them which were allotted for officers and gentlemen to sleep in occasionally, some of them manifested no less surprize at male visitors being permitted to sleep in the same part of the house where the ladies of the family were. When they were shewn the beds, they considered the building (as they termed it) of the bedsteads, inclosed with curtains, as distinct apartments : their own beds or couches are laid on the floor of their sedda or bedchamber, filling up an alcove, enclosed with rich curtains, as I have before described. At supper none of the ladies made use of a knife and fork, except Abderrahman's wife and daughter, who seemed to use them with some grace. They touched no wine, but drank sherbet and lemonade ; and were in high spirits, and as much delighted as we were. Supper was not ended when the ambassador returned : a small part of our company attended him in the drawing-room, it being totally against the Moorish custom to have introduced him into the room where his wife and family were."

That in point of labour, at least, the female *dandyism* of Tripoli is not infe-

rior to that experienced at an European toilet, may be conceived from the number of persons employed, and the great pains taken to adorn a Moorish lady. In addition to five or six dressers who are busily employed in laying on cosmetics, painting the eye-lashes, putting on the jewels, placing the head-dress, and adjusting the other parts of the figure, we beg to call the attention of those who lead the fashions in more civilized countries, to the *coiffure* of Lilla Uducia, the ambassador's daughter. "A profusion of the richest Arabian perfumes and scented waters were used, and cloves reduced to the finest powder, simply by themselves, were prepared in a larger quantity than appeared possible to be used at once; but they proved only sufficient for the present occasion. The whole of this powder, near a quarter of a pound, was put into two large tresses of hair descending from each side of the head behind, which were plaited to a size far beyond what the greatest quantity of hair growing on the head could accomplish, by mixing a quantity of black silk in them, prepared with strong perfumes by the slaves present: here they have no idea of false hair. The operation of painting the eyelashes with a black tincture, laid on by a gold bodkin, is very tedious, and the method of shaping the eyebrows, by pulling out every single superfluous hair, was evidently most painful."

The affecting story of two slaves, a man and his wife, who had been exposed for sale in the market of Tripoli, will not fail to excite its due share of sympathy in a country, which boasts the exclusive honour of being the first to abolish the traffic in human flesh: but we must for the present terminate our remarks with the portrait of an African chief, Shaik Alieff, who paid Mr. Tully a visit during his temporary stay at the Tripolitan capital.

"This Getullian, or Numidian, perfectly resembled in his habits and manners the description given of the first inhabitants of those countries. His dress was that of the Jibeleen, or mountain Arab, whose habit is precisely the same as it is described in the time of our Saviour. The fineness of the Arab's dress is proportioned to his fortune. Shaik Alieff's upper covering, or *haracan*, made of Barbary wool famous for its beauty and whiteness, appeared at first sight to be of the finest muslin, many yards in length, which he had rolled in ample folds around his head and body. He wore a curious wrought belt (of a manufacture peculiar to this country and to the hand of an Arab), ingeniously woven in a variety of figures resembling Arabic characters: it was wound several times tight and even round his body, and one end being doubled back and sewed up, served him for his purse. In this belt he wore his arms, and he prided himself much on them, not on account of their richness, but from the proof he had had of their execution. After the manner of the Arabs, he wore sandals, which he took off on entering the apartment, and thus paid a compliment to those who received him; for among the Arabs no one can approach his superior with his slippers on. His air was noble, his gait haughty, and his figure about the middle size. The Arabs are in general tall. Shaik Alieff's features were perfectly regular, and strongly marked; his complexion nearly black; his countenance very cheerful, though he was not a young man; and a settled vivacity seemed to be his characteristic; yet he retains all the ferocity of the ancient Arabs, and considers himself one of the masters of the desert of Tripoli; for the Wargummas and the Noilles, the two most powerful tribes known in these parts, hold the sovereignty of the deserts."

From the London Time's Telescope.

NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS.

Continued from p. 498.

INSTINCTIVE POWERS AND SENSATIONS OF INSECTS.

The laws of life, we call to mind,
Obeyed by insects too of every kind?
Of these, none uncontrolled and lawless rove,
But to some destined end spontaneous move:
Led by that instinct Heaven itself inspires,
Or so much reason as their state requires;
See all with skill acquire their daily food,
All use those arms which nature has bestowed;
Produce their tender progeny, and feed
With care parental, while that care they need:
In these loved offices completely blest,
No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest.

Jennys.

FROM the extraordinary instincts evinced by many insects, the whole class has been supposed by some entomologists to possess more intelligence than animals of any other kind; yet it is highly probable, that instead of more, they possess less than any animals, except the worm tribes. While various other animals are capable of some sort of education, these have but one invariable mode of operating, which no art can either alter or improve. The dog may be taught to carry; the bird to whistle a tune; fishes to obey a summons, and eat out of the hand; but those insects which may be considered as most perfectly domesticated, can by no invention be turned from their instinct. The silk-worm completes its labours, and the spider constructs its web, invariably in the same manner. An existence which continues but a single season, seems too short for the purposes of instruction. Hence insects are not only of a rank inferior to most other animals, but some of them seem more nearly allied to plants than to the classes above them. Many are attached to a single vegetable, some to a single leaf, where the period of their lives is completed in a few weeks, or perhaps a few days; and where the pleasures they enjoy, or the purposes for which they were produced, are in a

great measure beyond the reach of our faculties to explore.

The external senses of insects, as far as we are enabled to judge of them, correspond with the low measure of sagacity which the Author of nature has assigned them. Of some senses they seem altogether destitute, while others they enjoy but in an imperfect manner. The organ of hearing is doubtful; spiders and several other genera, give evident proofs of such an organ, though we know not where it resides, or in what it consists. In others the existence of this sense is very equivocal, though it is probable they possess it. Many of them are endowed with the power of uttering sounds; as the bee, the fly, the gnat, and the beetle. The *sphinx atropos* squeaks when hurt, nearly as loud as a mouse; it has even the power in certain circumstances, of uttering a plaintive note, which excites commiseration. In general the power of uttering sounds agreeable to the feelings and necessities of animals is conferred on them for the purpose of communicating such feelings to the rest of their kind. In fishes we have been able to trace that the vocal tribes are also endowed with organs for the reception of sounds; and the same, perhaps, holds with regard to insects. For why should the individual be possessed of the power of expressing its pleasures or its pain, if all knowledge of sound be denied to its tribe? Were the sense of hearing withheld from the animals of the same class, it would crave assistance in vain; it would speak a language destined to be unintelligible to every being in nature. Experience daily convinces us of the truth of these remarks. If a bee or wasp be attacked near the hive, the usual consequence of this assault is, that the animal expresses its pain or indignation in a tone different from its

ordinary hum; the complaint is immediately understood by the hive within, when the inhabitants hurry out to revenge the insult, in such numbers that the offending party seldom comes off with impunity. The same evidence of hearing is still more obviously afforded by the spider. Often his webs are of such an enormous length, that he cannot see from the one end of them to the other; often, too, in watching for his prey he conceals himself in some adjoining crevice, where he cannot see the animal that becomes ensnared in his toils. The fly, however, no sooner finds itself entangled than it makes a buzzing noise, in order to escape; this noise is instantly heard and understood by the spider who sallies forth from his concealment, and riots in the spoil with all the eagerness and ferocity which distinguish the most rapacious quadrupeds.

But besides the sense of hearing, it seems highly probable that insects possess also that of smell. Many of them live on bodies in a state of putrefaction, around which, when exposed, they are seen immediately to collect, as though attracted by the fæid aroma; while those which feed on herbs, flowers, or fruits, seem to require a similar sense to direct them. It has hence been supposed that the palpi, or feeders, are the organs of smell in the insect tribes. These instruments are four, sometimes six in number; two of them evidently destined to the purpose of handling their food, and conveying it to the mouth. The others which are in continual motion, and constantly applied to objects on which they alight, seem employed like the snout of a hog, in searching for food, and examining the quality of the different kinds of sustenance by which they are supported. The organs of vision among most kinds of insects are large; a circumstance which has put their sense of seeing beyond a doubt. These large eyes are commonly two in number, each frequently consisting of a congeries or assemblage of lenses (supposed by some to be perfect eyes in themselves), covered

with a crustaceous transparent substance to protect them from injury. In other insects, and especially in the spider tribe, these large or aggregate eyes are numerous; and in others, again, the sense of vision consists of mere stemmata of a simple structure, placed on the top of the head.

EXTERNAL ORGANS.

How sweet to muse upon His skill displayed
(Infinite skill!) in all that he has made;
To trace in Nature's most minute design
The signature and stamp of Power Divine;
Contrivance exquisite expressed with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees;
The shapely limb and lubricated joint
Within the small dimensions of a point;
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work who speaks, and it is done:
Th' invisible in things scarce seen revealed;
To whom an atom is an ample field.

Cowper.

Insects are distinguished from all other animals by many peculiarities of form. None of other classes have more legs than four. But most insects have six; and many of them eight, ten, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, and even a hundred legs. Beside the number of legs, insects are furnished with *antennæ*, or feelers. These feelers, by which they grope and examine the substances they meet with, are composed of a greater or lesser number of articulations or joints. When a wingless insect is placed at the end of a twig, or in any situation where it meets with a vacuity, it moves the feelers backward and forward, elevates, depresses, and bends them from side to side, and will not advance further, lest it should fall. If a stick, or any other substance, be placed within reach of the feelers, the animal immediately applies them to this new object, examines whether it be sufficient to support the weight of its body, and instantly proceeds in its journey. Though most insects are provided with eyes, yet the lenses of which they consist are so small and convex, that they can see distinctly but at small distances, and, of course, must be very incompetent judges of the vicinity or remoteness of objects. To remedy this defect they are provided with *feelers*,

which are perpetually in motion while the animals walk. By the same instruments, they are enabled to walk with safety in the dark.

No other animals but the insect tribes have more than two eyes; but some of them have four, and others, as the spider and scorpion, have eight eyes. In a few insects, the eyes are smooth; in all the others, they are hemispherical, and consist of many thousand distinct lenses. The eyes are absolutely immoveable: but this defect is supplied by the vast number of lenses, which, from the diversity of their positions, are capable of viewing objects in every direction. By the smallness and convexity of these lenses, which produce the same effect as the object glass of a microscope, insects are enabled to see bodies that are too minute to be perceived by the human eye. Another peculiarity deserves also our notice. No animals except a numerous tribe of four-winged insects, have more than two wings. Insects are also deprived of bones. But that defect is supplied, in some by a membranous or muscular skin, and, in others, by a crustaceous or horny covering. In this circumstance, insects resemble the shelled animals, whose bones constitute the external parts of their bodies.

In general, the bodies of insects are composed of a *head*, *trunk*, and *abdomen*. The head is commonly attached to the trunk by a joint or articulation. Besides eyes, feelers, and mouth, the heads of some insects are furnished with *palpi*, fixed to the mouth; and they are either four or six in number. Each of them consists of two, three, or four joints, and are often mistaken for the *antennæ*, or feelers. These instruments seem to serve the animals instead of hands; for they employ them to bring the food to their mouths, and to keep it steady while eating.

The *mouth* of insects is generally placed in the under part of the head; but, in some, it is situate in the breast. The *jaws*, instead of being horizontal, are often transverse, and furnished with teeth. The greater number of winged insects are provided with a *proboscis*,

or trunk, an instrument by which they extract the juices from animal or vegetable substances. The proboscis of insects is a machine of a very complicated nature. In butterflies, the proboscis is situated precisely between the two eyes. Though some of them exceed three inches in length, they occupy but a small space. When a butterfly is not in quest of food, the proboscis is rolled up in a spiral form, similar to that of a watch-spring, each successive ring covering the one which precedes. The substance of the proboscis has some resemblance to that of horn. It tapers from the base to the extremity. It is composed of two similar and equal parts, each of which is concave, and, when joined, form three distinct tubes. Reaumer has rendered it probable, that these tubes enable the animals to extract the juices of plants, to conduct air into their bodies, and to convey the sensation of smelling. Hence the proboscis of insects is an instrument which serves them for a mouth, a nose, and a wind-pipe.

The upper part of the trunk or body of an insect is called the *thorax*, and the under part the *abdomen*, or belly. The abdomen contains the stomach and other viscera. It consists of several rings or segments, and is perforated with spiracula, or tubes, which supply the want of lungs. The abdomen is terminated by the tail, which, in some insects, is armed with a sting, a forceps, a bristle, or a kind of claw with a moveable thumb.

Though numberless these insect tribes of air,
Though numberless each tribe and species fair,
Who wing the noon, and brighten in the blaze,
Innumerable as the sands which bend the seas;
These have their organs, arts, and arms, and tools,
And function exercised by various rules;
The saw, ax, auger, trowel, piercer, drill;
The neat alembic, and nectareous still:
Their peaceful hours the loom and distaff know:
But war, the force and fury of the foe,
The spear, the falchion, and the martial mail,
And artful stratagem, where strength may fail,
Each tribe peculiar occupations claim,
Peculiar beauties deck each varying frame.

Brooke.

The *legs* are composed of three parts, connected to each other by joints, and represent the thighs, shanks, ankles, and feet of larger animals.

The *wings* of insects are so diversified in number, consistence, and colour, that Linnæus has made them the foundation of the seven orders or divisions into which he divides this numerous class

of animals. Some insects are furnished with four, and others with two wings, and some of them are entirely destitute of these instruments of motion.

To be continued.

From Baldwin's London Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF RICHARD L. EDGEWORTH, ESQ.*

THE first volume contains such part of the memoirs of Mr. Edgeworth as was written by himself, and is of a very different complexion from the second from the pen of his daughter. We see in every page of the former, evidence of that abundance of animal spirits, and healthy activity of body and mind, which often changed their channel of direction in the course of his life, without ever relaxing their innate spring, or losing any of their pristine force of impulse. It is indeed Mr. Edgeworth's boast, corroborated by his daughter's testimony, that he was unchanged by age, or events. He seems to have had a ready and quick feeling for every thing that happened, just as the bulrush has a rapid sympathy with the breeze that passes over it, and raises its head exactly into its old position the instant it is gone by. Mr. Edgeworth began to marry at twenty, and continued the practice till late in life. In fact, matrimony and mechanics seem to have monopolized his fidelity: with dancing he was desperately enamoured at first, but his taste soon tired of it, though he is careful to assure us his legs never did. Gambling and dissipated companions possessed him for a time, but neither sullied his mind, nor permanently influenced his habits. Telegraphs and one-wheeled chaises, however, kept stronger hold of him: he was the first to send poetry across the channel by a chain of signals; and he contrived for himself a carriage in which his *"legs were warned to lift themselves*

up," to escape being broken by posts, and in which he sat "*pretty safe from wet,"* his feet being "*secured by leathers which folded up like the sides of bellows."*

One of his exploits in this commodious vehicle he records in a tone of exultation with which we entirely sympathise:—

"On my road to Birmingham I passed through Long-Compton, in Warwickshire, on a Sunday. The people were returning from church, and numbers stopped to gaze at me. There is or was a shallow ford near the town, over which there was a very narrow bridge for horse and foot passengers, but not sufficiently wide for waggons or chaises. Towards this bridge I drove. The people, not perceiving the structure of my one-wheeled vehicle, called to me with great eagerness to warn me, that the bridge was too narrow for carriages. I had an excellent horse, which went so fast as to give but little time for examination. The louder they called, the faster I drove, and when I had passed the bridge, they shouted after me with surprise. I got on to Shipton upon Stour; but, before I had dined there, I found that my fame had overtaken me. My carriage was put into a coach-house, so that those who came from Long-Compton, not seeing it, did not recognise me; I therefore had an opportunity of hearing all the exaggerations and strange conjectures, which were made by those who related my passage over the narrow bridge. There were posts on the bridge, to prevent, as I suppose, more

* Memoirs of the late R. L. Edgeworth, Esq. begun by himself, and finished by his Daughter, Maria Edgeworth. 2 vols. London, 1820.

than one horseman from passing at once. Some of the spectators asserted, that my carriage had gone over these posts; others said that it had not *wheels*, which was indeed literally true; but they meant to say that it was without any wheel. Some were sure that no carriage ever went so fast; and all agreed, that at the end of the bridge, where the floods had laid the road for some way under water, my carriage swam on the surface of the water."

Mr. Edgeworth was also, about the commencement of his career in mechanics, lucky enough to contrive a wheel which "should carry on a man as fast as he could possibly walk," that is to say, provided he "*plied his legs with energy*." On the first experiment being made, it answered its purpose so well as to give the lad within scarcely time "*to jump from his rolling prison before it reached the chalk-pit*"; but the wheel went on with such velocity as to outstrip its pursuers, and rolling over the edge of the precipice it was dashed to pieces."

To recompense himself for this misfortune he invented "*a sailing carriage*."

"The carriage was light, steady and ran with amazing velocity. One day, when I was preparing for a sail in it, with my friend and school-fellow, Mr. Wm. Foster, my wheel-boat escaped from its moorings, just as we were going to step on board. With the utmost difficulty I overtook it, and as I saw three or four stage-coaches on the road, and feared that this sailing chariot might frighten their horses, I, at the hazard of my life, got into my carriage while it was under full sail, and then, at a favourable part of the road, I used the means I had of guiding it easily out of the way. But the sense of the mischief which must have ensued, if I had not succeeded in getting into the machine at the proper place, and stopping it at the right moment was so strong, as to deter me from trying any more experiments on this carriage in such a dangerous place. Such should never be attempted except on a large common, at a distance from a high road.

It may not however be amiss to suggest, that upon a long extent of iron rail-way, in an open country, carriages properly constructed might make profitable voyages from time to time with sails instead of horses; for though a constant or regular intercourse could not be thus carried on, yet goods of a certain sort, that are saleable at any time, might be stored till wind and weather were favourable."

One more of Mr. Edgeworth's ingenious inventions is all we can allow to this subject:—he offered for a wager to produce a *wooden horse that should carry him safely over the highest wall in the country*!

"It struck me, that, if a machine were made with eight legs, four only of which should stand upon the ground at one time; if the remaining four were raised up into the body of the machine, and if this body were divided into two parts, sliding, or rather rolling on cylinders, one of the parts, and the legs belonging to it, might in two efforts be projected over the wall by a person in the machine; and the legs belonging to this part might be let down to the ground, and then the other half of the machine might have its legs drawn up, and be projected over the wall, and so on alternately. This idea by degrees developed itself in my mind, so as to make me perceive, that as one half of the machine was always a road for the other half, and that such a machine never rolled upon the ground, a carriage might be made, which should carry a road for itself. It is already certain, that a carriage moving on an iron rail-way may be drawn with a fourth part of the force requisite to draw it on a common road. After having made a number of models of my machine, that should carry and lay down its own road, I took out a patent to secure to myself the principle; but the term of my patent has been long since expired, without my having been able to unite to my satisfaction in this machine strength with sufficient lightness, and with regular motion, so as to obtain the advantages I proposed. As an encouragement to perseverance, I assure my rea-

ders, that I never lost sight of this scheme during *forty years* ; that I have made considerably above *one hundred* working models upon this principle, in a great variety of forms ; and that, *although I have not yet been able to accomplish my project, I am still satisfied that it is feasible.*"

Justice, however, will not permit us to go to other matters contained in these most entertaining biographical notices, without cautioning the reader not to take the standard of the utility and intelligence of Mr. Edgeworth's mechanical pursuits, from these specimens of his achievements in this line. He effected much of a more useful nature, and appears to have had very considerable talent in this way—but so in fact had *King Corny*.

Mr. Edgeworth's first marriage was the only unsuitable one of the several it was his fortune to make ; and not finding his wife cheerful at home, he says, led him to seek cheerful company abroad. In fact, before the death of his father, we find him quite involved in the vortex of dissipation and fashion. His picture of the *beau monde* of those times is not without its charm. "Among the ladies who visited the Mrs. Blakes was a Miss Dalton, the famous "*Fanny, blooming fair,*" whom Lord Chesterfield has celebrated. He was ingenious enough to detect the legerdemain tricks of the "*celebrated Comus.*" Miss D. told him that her relation, the famous Sir Francis Blake Delaval, had also discovered these secrets, and believed himself to be the only man in England who possessed them. This brought about an acquaintance, of rather intimacy, between Mr. Edgeworth and Sir Francis, from the description of the incidents of which we derive much amusement. They arranged together the house in Downing-street, where Sir Francis lived, for the representation of conjuring tricks.

"The ingenuity of some of the contrivances, that were employed in our deceptions, attracted the notice not only of those who sought mere amusement, but of men of letters and science,

who came to our exhibitions. This circumstance was highly grateful to Sir Francis, and advantageous to me. I, by these means, became acquainted with many men of eminence, to whom I could not at any period of my life have otherwise obtained familiar access. Among the number were Dr. Knight, of the British Museum : Dr. Watson ; Mr. Wilson ; Mr. Espinasse, the electrician ; Foote, the author and actor, a man, who, beside his well known humour, possessed a considerable fund of real feeling ; Macklin, and all the famous actors of the day. They resorted to a constant table, which was open to men of genius and merit in every department of literature and science. I cannot say, that his guests were always "*unelbowed by a player ;*" but I can truly assert, that none but those who were an honour to the stage, and who were admitted into the best company at other houses, were received at Sir Francis Delaval's.

They got up the tragedy of the Fair Penitent here, to allow the late Duke of York, who afterwards died suddenly at Rome, to play Lothario ; and "*he was as warm, as hasty, and as much in love, as the fair Calista could possibly wish.*" A pleasant supper-party, he says, they had at the King's Arms, Covent Garden, after the performance.

"Macklin called for a nightcap, and threw off his wig. This, it was whispered to me, was a signal of his intention to be entertaining. Plays, playwrights, enunciation, action, every thing belonging to eloquence of every species, was discussed. Angelo, the graceful fencing-master, and Bensley, the actor, were of the party ; Angelo was consulted by Bensley, on what he ought to do with his hands while he was speaking. Angelo told him, that it was impossible to prescribe what he should always do with them ; but that it was easy to tell him what should *not* be done—"he should not put them into his breeches' pockets"—a custom to which poor Bensley was much addicted. Pronunciation was discussed ; the faults in our language in this particular

were copiously enumerated. "For instance," said Macklin, "*Pare* me a pair of pears." You may take three words out of this sentence, of the same sound, but of different meaning, and I defy any man to pronounce them in such a manner as to discriminate the sounds, or to mark to any ear by his pronunciation the difference between the verb, *to pare*, the noun of number, *a pair*, and the fruit, *pear*. The pompous Bensley undertook that Powel, who was remarkable for a good ear, should do this. Bensley, who mouthed prodigiously whilst he spoke, was put behind a curtain, that the motion of his lips might not assist Powel in judging what meaning he intended to express by each of the words as he pronounced them. One of the company was placed behind the curtain, and to him Bensley was previously to communicate, whether he proposed to pronounce the word denoting the action, the noun of number, or the fruit. Bensley failed so often, and so ridiculously, that he became quite angry, and charged Powel with wilful misapprehension. To defend himself, Powel proposed that Holland should try his skill; but Holland had no better success. During these trials, I concerted by signs with Sir Francis a method of pointing out my meaning, and I offered to try my skill. The audience with difficulty restrained their contempt; but I took my place behind the curtain, and they were soon compelled to acknowledge, that I had a more distinct pronunciation, or that Sir Francis had more acute hearing, than the rest of the company. Out of twenty experiments, I never failed more than two or three times, and in these I failed on purpose, to prevent suspicion. I had made my confederate understand, that when I turned my right foot outward, as it appeared from beneath the curtain, I meant to say *pare*, to cut; when I turned it inward, *pair*, a couple; and when it was straight forward, *pear*, the fruit. We kept our own counsel, and won unmerited applause. Amidst such trifling as this, much sound criticism was mixed, which improved my literary

taste, and a number of entertaining anecdotes were related, which informed my inexperienced mind with knowledge of the world."

One of the many excellent anecdotes which Mr. Edgeworth introduces relative to the extraordinary man of the town with whom he was now passing his time, we shall give as a sample. Sir Francis had contrived to represent the borough of Andover, in several Parliaments by practising a series of tricks on his constituents:—but at length, he sustained a reverse of fortune and his electioneering success terminated.

His attorney's bill was yet to be discharged. It had been running on for many years, and though large sums had been paid on account, a prodigious balance still remained to be adjusted. The affair came before the King's Bench. Among a variety of exorbitant and monstrous charges there appeared the following article.

"To being thrown out of the window at the George Inn, Andover—to my leg being thereby broken—to surgeon's bill, and loss of time and business—all in the service of Sir F. B. Delaval.—Five hundred pounds."

"When this curious *item* came to be explained, it appeared, that the attorney had, by way of promoting Sir Francis's interest in the borough, sent cards of invitation to the officers of a regiment in the town, in the name of the mayor and corporation, inviting them to dine and drink his Majesty's health on his birthday. He, at the same time, wrote a similar invitation to the mayor and corporation, in the name of the officers of the regiment. The two companies met, complimented each other, eat a good dinner, drank a hearty bottle of wine to his Majesty's health, and prepared to break up. The commanding officer of the regiment, being the politest man in company, made a handsome speech to Mr. Mayor, thanking him for his hospitable invitation and entertainment. "No, Colonel," replied the mayor, "it is to you that thanks are due by me and by my brother aldermen for your generous treat to us." The colonel replied with as much

warmth as good breeding would allow: the mayor retorted with downright anger, swearing that he would not be choused by the bravest colonel in his Majesty's service.—“Mr Mayor,” said the colonel, “there is no necessity for displaying any vulgar passion on this occasion. Permit me to shew you, that I have here your obliging card of invitation.”—“Nay, Mr Colonel, here is no opportunity for bantering, there is your card.”

Upon examining the cards, it was observed, that notwithstanding an at-

tempt to disguise it, both cards were written in the same hand by some person, who had designed to make fools of them all. Every eye of the corporation turned spontaneously upon the attorney, who, of course attended all public meetings. His impudence suddenly gave way, he faltered and betrayed himself so fully by his confusion, that the colonel, in a fit of summary justice, threw him out of the window. For this Sir Francis Delaval was charged five hundred pounds.—Whether he paid the money or not, I forget.”

From the Literary Gazette.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.*

A POEM by the author of *Fazio* and of *Samor*, cannot fail to raise a strong feeling of curiosity in the literary world; and we hasten to gratify as much of that feeling as we can by this early contribution to a general knowledge of “*The Fall of Jerusalem*.”

“*The Fall of Jerusalem*” is, indeed, a noble poem, farsurpassing, in our opinion, the preceding works of Mr. Milman.—Meeting, as of necessity it must, a comparison with the noblest language of divine inspiration;—set side by side with the Book of Job, or Prophecy of Isaiah,—it seems to us, if less sublime than the latter, to be equally beautiful; and if less deeply pathetic than the former, to be equally tender and affecting. And let it be remembered that we are here speaking of analogies between human and inspired writings; between the conceptions of modern genius and the most splendid effusions of gifted antiquity.

The groundwork of the drama is in Josephus, who is one of its interlocutors. The events of the siege of the Holy City by the Romans under Titus, are compressed into a period of about thirty six hours; and to the historical characters of Simon the assassin, John the tyrant, and Eleazar the zealot, among the Jews are added (for the sake of dramatic interest,) several ficti-

tious personages, namely, Miriam and Salone, daughters of Simon, and Amariah, son of John. Great skill is displayed in marking and contrasting, not only the circumstances embraced by the action, but the peculiar traits and habits of the prominent individuals. Simon, a stern and strict Pharisee, obstinately blinded in expectation of supernatural interference to save them, and fancying himself prophetic in his visions of coming succour, is opposed to John, a sensual Sadducee, who believes that death is “the be-all and the end-all here.” Miriam, a secret Christian, sweet, devout, loving, and melancholy, is the contrast to her sister Salone, a creature, of force and passion, participating in her father's fierceness, zeal, and superstition. The touching loves and stolen meetings of Miriam with the amiable Javan, at the fountain of Siloe, counterpoise the stormy and unblessed union of Salone with the warrior Amariah; and forms a delightful episode and relief to the general horror. In like manner does the construction of the piece combine the highest poetical excellences with the finest opposition in situations, and much of the truth of history, as well as prophetic fulfilment. The bridal songs for Salone, mingling with the sack of Jerusalem, are an example of this, and produce a grand and

* *The Fall of Jerusalem: a Dramatic Poem.* By the Rev. H. H. Milman. London, 1820.

terrible effect. We are unwilling to detain readers from our extracts, and shall therefore abstain from further comment; only noticing another subject for admiration, which struck us as conferring much spirit and originality upon the poem. We allude to the novelty of the motives, sentiments, and grounds of action peculiar to the Jewish nation! this gives a freshness and raciness to the whole, which has conspired to augment exceedingly our enjoyment in the contemplation of "The Fall of Jerusalem."

The scene opens on the Mount of Olives: Titus and his army advancing the siege: the conqueror reasoning on the "Stoic philosophy," intimates that his mercy, and desire to spare the city, are overborne by the influence of a superior power, whose workings he cannot expound. He answers those who persuade him to avert the "abomination of desolation."—

It must be—

And yet it moves me, Romans! it confounds
The counsels of my firm philosophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crowned-hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous
palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
Here towers of war that frown in massy strength,
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle, dust, and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the Temple,
In undisturb'd and lone serenity
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipp'd there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs;
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

This glorious poetical picture at the commencement prepares us for the horror of the catastrophe; as does also the

earliest description of Javan by the waters of Siloe, waiting for Miriam—

Javan. Sweet fountain, once again I visit thee!
And thou art flowing on, and freshening still
The green moss, and the flowers that bend to thee,
Modestly with a soft unboastful murmur,
Rejoicing at the blessings that thou bearest.
Pure, stainless, thou art flowing on; the stars
Make thee their mirror, and the moonlight beams
Course one another o'er thy silver bosom:
And yet thy flowing is through fields of blood,
And armed men their hot and weary brows
Slake with thy limpid and perennial coolness.
Even with such rare and singular purity
Mov'st thou, oh Miriam, in yon cruel city.
Men's eyes, o'erwearied with the sights of war,
With tumult and with grief, repose on thee
As on a refuge and a sweet refreshment.

* * * * *

But ah! why com'st thou not? these two long
nights
I've watch'd for thee in vain, and have not felt
The music of thy footsteps on my spirit—

Voice at a distance.

Javan!

Javan. It is her voice! the air is fond of it,
And enviously delays its tender sounds
From the ear that thirsteth for them.—*Miriam!*
Nay, stand thus in thy timid breathlessness,
That I may gaze on thee, and thou not chide me
Because I gaze too fondly.

She entreats the wonted succour which he has been accustomed to bring for her father, and, endeavouring to persuade her to quit the place over which the curse of the Almighty hangs, he paints the miseries of Roman conquest in the following powerful words—

Even now our city trembles on the verge
Of utter ruin. Yet a night or two,
And the fierce stranger in our burning streets
Stands conqueror: and how the Roman conquers,
Let Gischbala, let fallen Jotapata
Tell, if one living man, one innocent child,
Yet wander o'er their cold and scatter'd ashes.
They slew them, Miriam, the old grey man,
Whose blood scarce tinged their swords—(nay turn not
from me,

The tears thou sheddest feel as though I wrung them
From mine own heart my life-blood's dearest drops)—
They slew them, Miriam, at the mother's breast,
The smiling infants;—and the tender maid,
The soft, the loving, and the chaste, like thee
They slew her not till—

Miriam. *Javan,* 'tis unkind!

I have enough at home of thoughts like these,
Thoughts horrible, that freeze the blood, and make
A heavier burthen of this weary life.
I hoped with thee t' have pass'd a tranquil hour,
A brief, a hurried, yet still tranquil hour!
—But thou art like them all! the miserable
Have only Heaven, where they can rest in peace,
Without being mock'd and taunted with their misery.

Our next quotation is selected on account of its poetic imagery. Simon and John are contending when the high-priest interposes, and thus addresses them—

High Priest.

Break off! break off! I hear the Gentile horn
Winding along the wide entrenched line.
Hear ye it not? hill answers hill, the valleys
In their deep channels lengthen out the sound.
It rushes down Jehoshaphat, the depths
Of Hinnom answer. Hark! again they blow,
Chiding you men of Judah, and insulting
Your bare and vacant walls, that now oppose not
Their firm array of javelin-hurling men,
Slingers, and pourers of the liquid fire.

Amariah. Blow! Blow! and rend the heavens,
thou deep voiced horn!

I hear thee, and rejoice at thee. Thou summoner
To the storm of battle, thou that dost invite
With stern and welcome importunity
The warrior soul to that high festival,
Where Valour with his armed hand administers
The cup of death!

The character of Simon is potently drawn by himself in the ensuing colloquy, at a conference with the besiegers.

Sim. Peace, John of Galilee! and I will answer
This purple-mantled Captain of the Gentiles;
But in far other tone than he is wont
To hear about his silken couch of feasting
Amid his pamper'd parasites.—I speak to thee,
Titus, as warrior should accost a warrior.
The world, thou boastest, is Rome's slave; the sun
Rises and sets upon no realm but yours;
Ye plant your giant foot in either ocean,
And vaunt that all which ye o'erstride is Rome's.
But think ye, that because the common earth
Surfeits your pride with homage, that our land,
Our separate, peculiar, sacred land,
Portion'd and seal'd unto us by the God
Who made the round world and the crystal heavens;
A wond'rous land, where Nature's common course
Is strange and out of use, so oft the Lord
Invades it with miraculous intervention;
Think ye this land shall be an Heathen heritage,
An high place for your Moloch? Haughty Gentile!
Even now ye walk on ruin and on prodigy.
The air ye breathe is heavy and o'ercharged
With your dark gathering doom; and if our earth
Do yet in its disdain endure the footing
Of your arm'd legions, 'tis because it labours
With silent throes of expectation, waiting
The signal of your scattering. Lo! the mountains
Bend o'er you with their huge and lowering shadows,
Ready to rush and overwhelm; the winds
Do listen panting for the tardy presence
Of Him that shall avenge. And there is scorn,
Yea, there is laughter in our fathers' tombs,
To think that Heathen conqueror doth aspire
To lord it over God's Jerusalem!
Yea, in Hell's deep and desolate abode,
Where dwell the perish'd kings, the chief of earth;
They whose idolatrous warfare erst assail'd
The Holy City, and the chosen people;

They wait for thee, the associate of their hopes
And fatal fall, to join their ruin'd conclave.
He whom the Red Sea 'whelm'd with all his host,
Pharaoh, the Egyptian: and the kings of Canaan;
The Philistine, the Dagon worshipper;
Moab, and Edom, and fierce Amalek;
And he of Babylon, whose multitudes,
Even on the hills where gleam your myriad spears,
In one brief night the invisible Angel swept
With the dark, noiseless shadow of his wing,
And morn beheld the fierce and riotous camp.
One cold, and mute, and tombless cemetery,
Sennacherib; all, all are risen, are moved;
Yea, they take up the taunting song of welcome
To him who, like themselves, hath madly warr'd
'Gainst Zion's walls, and miserably fallen
Before the avenging God of Israel!

Joseph endeavours to soften the councils of his countrymen, to which they turn a deaf ear, and wound him with a javelin: Titus abjures every lingering thought of mercy, and the march of calamity is accelerated. A conflict ensues of which Salome is a willing witness. She thus briefly, but exquisitely portrays her lover among the combatants.

Salome. And thou! oh thou, that movest to the battle
Even like the mountain stag to the running river,
Pause, pause, that I may gaze my fill!—

The Jews are defeated: meanwhile a procession of virgins go up the temple to implore the divine protection. They are thus described by Miriam:

Behold them here!

Behold them, how unlike to what they were!
Oh! virgin daughters of Jerusalem!
Ye were a garden once of Hermon's lilies.
They bashfully upon their tremulous stems
Bow to the wooing breath of the sweet spring.
Graceful ye were! there needed not the tone
Of tabret, harp, or lute, to modulate
Your soft harmonious footsteps! your light tread
Fell like a natural music. Ah! how deeply
Hath the cold blight of misery prey'd upon you.
How heavily ye drag your weary footsteps,
Each like a mother mourning her one child.
Ah me! I feel it almost as a sin,
To be so much less sad, less miserable.

But we must not linger on the middle graces of the poem: the consummation demands some of our space. Javan's predictive song will lead us to it.

I feel it now, the sad, the coming hour;
The signs are full, and never shall the sun
Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more;
Her tale of splendour now is told and done:
Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt,
And all is o'er, her grandeur and her guilt,

Oh ! fair and favour'd city, where of old
The balmy airs were rich with melody,
That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky,
In vestments flaming with the orient gold ;
Her gold is dim, and mute her music's voice,
The Heathen o'er her perish'd pomp rejoice.

How stately then was every palm-deck'd street,
Down which the maidens danced with tinkling feet ;
How proud the elders in the lofty gate !
How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts
With white-rob'd Levites and high-mitred Priests ;
How gorgeous all her temple's sacred state !
Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for slaves,
Her gates thrown down, her elders in their graves ;
Her feasts are holden 'mid the Gentile's scorn,
By stealth her priesthood's holy garments worn ;
And where her temple crown'd the glittering rock,
The wandering shepherd folds his evening flock.

When shall the work, the work of death begin ?
When come th' avengers of proud Judah's sin ?
Accidama ! accurs'd and guilty ground,
Gird well the city in thy dismal bound,
Her price is paid, and she is sold like thou ;
Let every ancient monument and tomb
Enlarge the border of its vaulted gloom,
Their spacious chambers all are wanted now.

But nevermore shall yon lost city need
Those secret places for her future dead ;
Of all her children, when this night is pass'd,
Devoted Salem's darkest, and her last,
Of all her children none is left to her,
Save those whose house is in the sepulchre.

Yet, guilty city, who shall mourn for thee ?
Shall Christian voices wail thy devastation ?
Look down ! look down, avenged Calvary,
Upon thy late yet dreadful expiation.
Oh ! long foretold, tho' slow accomplish'd fate,
" Her house is left unto her desolate ;"
Proud Cæsar's ploughshare o'er her ruins driven,
Fulfils at length the tardy doom of heaven ;
The wrathful vial's drops at length are pour'd
On the rebellious race that crucified their Lord !

We now approach the closing scene ;
and here Mr. Milman has expended all
his strength. The portentous and pro-
digious night which witnesses the de-
struction of Jerusalem, is rendered more
ghastly and appalling by the untimely
marriage of Amariah and Salome. The

" Terror wantoning with man's perplexity,"
is made a thousand-fold more hideous
by the unnatural festivity. We shall
best consult the genius of this part of
the poem, by transcribing alternately
(as indeed they occur) bridal stave*
and agony of suffering, or prediction of
vengeance.

* For his fine ideas of these wedding cere-
monies, the author is indebted to Calmet, Har-
mer, and other illustrators of Scripture.

Voice within. Woe ! woe ! woe !

First Jew. Alas !

The son of Hannaniah ! is't not he ?

Third Jew. Whom said'st ?

Second Jew. Art thou a stranger in Jerusalem,
That thou rememberest not that fearful man !

Fourth Jew. Speak ! speak ! we know not all.

Second Jew. Why thus it was :

A rude and homely dresser of the vine,
He had come up to the Feast of Tabernacles,
When suddenly a spirit fell upon him,
Evil or good we know not. Ever since,
(And now seven years are past since it befel,
Our city then being prosperous and at peace),
He hath gone wandering through the darkling
streets

At midnight, under the cold quiet stars ;
He hath gone wandering through the crowded
market

At noonday under the bright blazing sun,
With that one ominous cry of " Woe ! woe ! woe !"
Some scoff'd and mock'd him, some would give
him food ;

He neither curs'd the one, nor thank'd the other.
The Sanhedrim bade scourge him, and myself
Beheld him lash'd, till the bare bones stood out
Through the maim'd flesh, still, still he only cried,
Woe to the City, till his patience wearied
The angry persecutors. When they freed him,
'Twas still the same, the incessant Woe, woe, woe.
But when our siege began, awhile he ceased,
As though his prophecy were fulfilled ; till now
We had not heard his dire and boding voice.

Within. Woe ! woe ! woe !

Joshua, the Son of Hannaniah. Woe ! woe !

A voice from the East ! a voice from the West !
From the four winds a voice against Jerusalem !
A voice against the Temple of the Lord !
A voice against the Bridegrooms and the Brides !
A voice against all people of the land !
Woe ! woe ! woe !

Second Jew. They are the very words, the very
voice

Which we have heard so long. And yet, methinks,
There is a mournful triumph in the tone
Ne'er heard before. His eyes, that were of old
Fixed on the earth, now wander all abroad,
As though the tardy consummation
Afflicted him with wonder.—Hark ! again.

Chorus of Maidens.

Now the jocund song is thine,
Bride of David's kingly line !
How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,
And thy shrouded eye resembleth
Violets, when the dews of eve
A moist and tremulous glitter leave
On the bashful sealed lid !
Close within the bride-veil hid
Motionless thou sitt'st and mute ;
Save that at the soft salute
Of each entering maiden friend
Thou dost rise and softly bend.
Hark ! a brisker, merrier glee !
The door unfolds,—'tis he, 'tis he.
Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,
Thus we touch our lutes to greet him,
Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,
Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

Joshua. Woe ! woe !
A voice from the East ! a voice from the West ! &c.

The high-priest enhances these awful warnings.

Again the nuptial chaunt breaks in ;
but soon after the harassed people sink
into a preternatural repose, thus grandly
depicted by Miriam.

Ah me ! how strange !

This moment, and the hurrying streets were full
As at a festival, now all's so silent
That I might hear the footsteps of a child.
The sound of dissolute mirth hath ceas'd, the lamps
Are spent, the voice of music broken off.
No watchman's tread comes from the silent wall,
There are nor lights nor voices in the towers.
The hungry have given up their idle search
For food, the gazers on the heavens are gone,
Even Fear's at rest—all still as in a sepulchre !
And thou liest sleeping, oh Jerusalem !
A deeper slumber could not fall upon thee,
If thou wert desolate of all thy children,
And thy razed streets a dwelling-place for owls.

I do mistake ! this is the Wilderness,
The Desert, where winds pass and make no sound,
And not the populous city, besieged
And overhung with tempest. Why, my voice,
My motion, breaks upon the oppressive stillness
Like a forbidden and disturbing sound.

The very air's asleep, my feeblest breathing
Is audible—I'll think my prayers—and then—
—Ha ! 'tis the thunder of the Living God !
It peals ! it crashes ! it comes down in fire !

Again ! it is the engine of the foe,
Our walls are dust before it—Wake—oh wake—
Oh Israel !—Oh Jerusalem, awake !
Why shouldst thou wake ? thy foe is in the heavens.
Yea, thy judicial slumber weighs thee down,
And gives thee, oh ! lost city, to the Gentile
Defenceless, unresisting.

It rolls down,

As though the Everlasting raged not now
Against our guilty Zion, but did mingle
The universal world in our destruction ;
And all mankind were destined for a sacrifice
On Israel's funeral pile.

Relentless massacre ensues ; the
Jews flee to the Temple, and are slaughtered
by thousands. We can only
shortly illustrate it—

Chorus of Jews flying towards the Temple.

Fly ! fly ! fly !

Clouds, not of incense, from the Temple rise,
And there are altar-fires, but not of sacrifice.

And there are victims, yet nor bulls nor goats ;
And Priests are there, but not of Aaron's kin ;
And he that doth the murderous rite begin,

To stranger Gods his hecatomb devotes ;
His hecatomb of Israel's chosen race
All foully slaughter'd in their Holy Place.
Break into joy, ye barren, that ne'er bore !

Rejoice, ye breasts, where ne'er sweet infant hung !
From you, from you no smiling babes are wrung,

Ye die, but not amid your children's gore.
But howl and weep, oh ye that are with child,
Ye on whose bosoms unwean'd babes are laid ;
The sword that's with the mother's blood defiled
Still with the infant gluts the insatiate blade.

Fly ! fly ! fly !

Fly not, I say, for Death is every where,
To keen-eyed Lust all places are the same ;
There's not a secret chamber in whose lair
Our wives can shroud them from th' abhorred
shame.

Where the sword fails, the fire will find us there,
All, all is death—the Gentile or the flame.

On to the Temple ! Brethren, Israel on !

Though every slippery street with carnage swims,
Ho ! spite of famish'd hearts and wounded limbs,
Still, still, while yet there stands one holy stone,
Fight for your God, his sacred house to save,
Or have its blazing ruins for your grave !

Miriam, after an admirable dialogue
with an old man who had witnessed the
crucifixion of Christ, is saved by Javan
in disguise, and these two Christians
are all who escape from captivity or
slaughter. The death of Salome is al-
so most powerfully affecting : she is
stabbed by her bridegroom, to prevent
pollution from the Roman spoilers.

She faints ! Look up, sweet sister ! I have stanch'd
The blood awhile—but her dim wandering eyes
Are fixing—she awakes—she speaks again.

Salome. Ah ! brides, they say, should be retired,
and dwell

Within, in modest secrecy ; yet here
Am I, a this night's bride, in the open street,
My naked feet on the cold stones, the wind
Blowing my raiment off—it's very cold—
Oh Amariah ! let me lay my head
Upon thy bosom, and so fall asleep.

Miriam. There is no Amariah here—'tis I,
Thy Miriam.

Salome. The Christian Miriam.

Miriam. Oh ! that thou wert too Christian ! I
could give thee

A cold and scanty baptism of my tears,
Oh ! shrink not from me, lift not up thy head,
Thy dying head, from thy lov'd sister's lap.

Salome. Off ! set me free ! the song is almost
done,

The bridegroom's at the door, and I must meet him,
Though my knees shake and tremble. If he come,
And find me sad and cold, as I am now,
He will not love me as he did.

Miriam. Too true,
Thou growest cold indeed.

Salome. Night closes round,
Slumber is on my soul. If Amariah
Return with morning, glorious and adorn'd
In spoil, as he is wont, thou'lt wake me, sister ?
—Ah ! no, no, no ! this is no waking sleep.
It bursts upon me—Yes, and Simon's daughter,
The bride of Amariah, may not fear,
Nor shrink from dying. My half-failing spirit
Comes back, my soft love-melted heart is strong ;
I know it all, in mercy and in love

Thou'st wounded me to death—and I will bless thee,
 True lover ! noble husband ! my last breath
 Is thine in blessing—Amariah !—Love !
 And yet thou shouldst have stain to close mine eyes,
 Oh Amariah !—and an hour ago
 I was a happy bride upon thy bosom,
 And now am——Oh God, God ! if he have err'd
 And should come back again, and find me——dead !

We have exceeded our limits, and must conclude abruptly, reserving the final hymn for our next. From such poetry, it would be absolutely sinful to detract by detailing the trifling blemishes which have crept into the heat of

composition. Half a dozen lines in which the euphony is imperfect ; one or two grammatical inaccuracies ; the repetition of “ yeas” and “ evens” rather frequently ; and hardly an instance of inferior style, are all that hyper-criticism could point out. Upon the general consideration we would express our opinion, that Miriam defines too much—natural feelings never dwell on abstract analyses.

But the Fall of Jerusalem is one of the noblest productions of its class in the English language.

VARIETIES.

From the English Magazines, June 1820.

OYA POC.

The German papers mention the following trick, which was lately played at Vienna :

“ A man entered a coffee-house, with his hand pressed close against his cheek, groaning, stamping, and exhibiting every symptom of violent indisposition. He took a seat, called for some punch, and made useless efforts to swallow it. Several people collected round him, and inquired the cause of his illness ; he replied, that he was tormented by a violent fit of tooth-ache, which resisted every remedy. Various things were prescribed for him, but without effect. At length, a man who was playing at billiards in an adjoining room, stepped forward, and said, ‘ allow me to prescribe for the gentleman. I possess a remedy which I am certain will cure him in five minutes.’ He drew from his pocket a box, filled with small chips of a yellow kind of wood. ‘ Here, Sir, (said he) apply this to your tooth.’ The patient did as he was directed, and, to the astonishment of every one present, he immediately experienced a diminution of pain ;—the remedy operated as if by enchantment, and in less than a quarter of an hour he was completely relieved, and drank his bowl of punch to the health of his deliverer. ‘ Sir, (said he) you have performed a most wonderful cure, and I shall be eternally grateful to you, if you will inform me where your valuable remedy can be pur-

chased.’ ‘ No where,’ replied the billiard player : ‘ I procured it during my last visit to South America, and brought it home with me for my own private use ; the Indians of *Oya Poc* never use any other remedy.’ ‘ Well, surely, you will not refuse to let me have a few pieces of the wood.’ ‘ Impossible.’ ‘ I only ask for twenty pieces, and I will give you a ducat for each.’ ‘ Well, I consent out of pure humanity ; but mind, you are the only person to whom I can grant such a favour.’ Every one present now wished to have some portion of the divine wood of *Oya Poc* ; all were subject to the tooth-ache ; all claimed the sacred rights of humanity, and the compassionate traveller was obliged to part with nearly all his chips of wood, and to fill his box with ducats. The master of the coffee-house himself, unwilling to suffer such an opportunity to escape him, had the good fortune to purchase ten pieces of the wonderful wood. We know not whether the remedy will operate as effectually on the good people of Vienna as on the savages of *Oya Poc* ; but the keeper of the *café* has remarked, that neither the doctor nor his grateful patient has ever since made their appearance in his house.”

LACON.

A man who knows the world, will not only make the most of every thing he does know, but of many things he

does not know ; and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance, than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition. In Scotland, the "*jus et norma loquendi*" has made it the fashion to pronounce the law term *curātor curātor*. Lord Mansfield gravely corrected a certain Scotch barrister when in Court, reprehending what appeared to English usage a false quantity, by repeating—*curātor*, Sir, if you please. The barrister immediately replied, I am happy to be corrected by so great an orator as your Lordship.

Commentating lore makes a mighty parade, and builds a lofty pile of erudition, raised up like the pyramids, only to embalm some mouldering mummy of antiquity, utterly unworthy of so laborious and costly a mode of preservation. With very few exceptions, commentators would have been much better employed in cultivating some sense for themselves, than in attempting to explain the nonsense of others. How can they hope to make us understand a Plato or an Aristotle, in cases wherein it is quite evident that neither of these philosophers understood themselves. The Head of a certain College at Oxford was asked by a stranger, what was the motto of the arms of that university ? He told him that it was "*Dominus illuminatio mea*." But he also candidly informed the stranger, that, in his private opinion, a motto more appropriate might be found in these words—"*Aristoteles meæ tenebræ*."

Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

It is better to have recourse to a quack, if he can cure our disorder, although he cannot explain it, than to a physician, if he can explain our disease, but cannot cure it. In a certain consultation of physicians in this kingdom, they all differed about the nature of an intermittent, and all of them were ready to define the disorder. The patient was a king ; at length an empiric,

who had been called in, thus interposed : Gentlemen, you all seem to differ about the nature of an intermittent, permit me to explain it ; an intermittent, gentlemen, is a disorder which I can cure, and which you cannot.

Intrigues of state, like games of whist, require a partner, and in both, success is the joint effect of chance and of skill ; but the former, differ from the latter, in one particular—the knaves rule the kings. Count Stackelberg was sent on a particular embassy by Catharine of Russia, into Poland ; on the same occasion, Thurgut was dispatched by the Emperor of Germany. Both these ambassadors were strangers to each other. When the morning appointed for an audience arrived, Thurgut was ushered into a magnificent saloon, where, seeing a dignified looking man seated and attended by several Polish noblemen, who were standing most respectfully before him, the German ambassador (Thurgut) concluded it was the king, and addressed him as such, with the accustomed formalities. This dignified looking character turned out to be Stackelberg, who received the unexpected homage with pride and silence. Soon after the king entered the presence chamber, and Thurgut, perceiving his mistake, retired, much mortified and ashamed. In the evening, it so happened, that both these ambassadors were playing cards at the same table with his majesty. The German envoy threw down a card, saying, "The king of clubs !!" "A mistake !" said the monarch, "It is the knave !" "Pardon me, Sire," exclaimed Thurgut, casting a significant glance at Stackelberg, "this is the second time to-day, I have mistaken a knave for a king !!" Stackelberg, though very prompt at repartee, bit his lips, and was silent.

Afflictions sent by providence, melt the constancy of the noble minded, but confirm the obduracy of the vile. The same furnace that hardens clay, liquifies gold ; and in the strong manifestations of divine power Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.